JANUARY 9
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NEW MASSES

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MEET SOME JEW-BAITERS

Virginia Gardner interviews the leaders of the un-American American Action, Inc.

LETTER TO A LIBERAL

by A. B. MAGIL

REVERSING THE NAZI OFFENSIVE *by COLONEL T.*

Also in This Issue: **New Ideas in Medicine, *by Edward Earle Starr;* Samuel Sillen writes on Ralph Fox; Schools for a New World, *by A. D. Winspear;* Shore Leave in Bari, *by Jack Lasker;* Moses Soyer discusses Burliuk and other painters.**

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

OVER fifty people of the writing profession attended a private gathering recently to welcome back Isidor Schneider as literary editor of NEW MASSES. Among them were several playwrights whose works are doing fine on Broadway, three English faculty members of metropolitan colleges, two literary critics, a couple of Hollywood scenarists who happened to be passing through, several leading fiction writers, a sprinkling of poets, several painters and cartoonists, and representatives of publishing houses. Joseph North, editor of NM, pointed out that Schneider's coming back was coincident with the beginnings of a new kind of literature. Before the war, NEW MASSES published many new men who today are among the nation's top writers, painters and cartoonists. The shrill tones and the ugly phiz of Hitler filled the ears and eyes of the world and the emphasis was on anti-fascism. As fascism became more powerful, comparative literary concerns gave way to more direct political preoccupations. Literary critics took to writing books on the place of the middle class in the world, the responsibility of the intellectuals to democracy, etc. For NEW MASSES it became necessary to devote more and more space to analysis and explanation of world events. From Munich to June 22, 1941, this trend reached its zenith.

Then, alongside the anti-fascist writing and drawing came the first probings in a new direction, that engendered by a people's war and the formation of the Allied coalition. The patriotic war with its underground and other people's movements created a literature and an esthetic that are now influencing professional writers. This new trend, given tremendous impetus by Teheran and the unity movements in all United Nations countries, is reflected in the motion pictures, the radio, war reportage, by the existence of such Army publications as *Yank*. In short, today's political occurrences have their direct cultural expressions, and once again NEW MASSES must assume leadership in giving literary voice to the meaning of the words "in association with": the pulse-beat of common action among all political groupings. In his turn at bat, Schneider pointed to another aspect of the same question. Every people's movement begets its own enemies. Thus the cry for unity brings the anti-unity boys from their hiding places to raise their special din; and literary criticism is today in the doldrums only because it has fallen into the hands of these clamor boys. They attempt to smother creative effort with their anti-Soviet, anti-coalition bias. As an example, Schneider pointed to the treatment of Leonid Leonov's *Road to the Ocean*, a truly remarkable book. Although it received an honest press outside New York, within the city it was violently attacked by the New York *Times*, the *Saturday Review of Literature* and the *Nation*. In each of these instances the book was handled by a deserter from the progressive cause, and attacked for its political sentiments instead of being discussed on its literary merits. It so happens that these three periodicals together form the bookseller's Bible, and hence such a concerted attack can well kill the sale or the circulation of a book in this country for some time to come. Therefore, said Schneider, NEW MASSES has an additional function: that of doing an analysis of certain literary critical organs of this country and exposing their bias.

Both these reports stimulated discussion that lasted far into the night, and even the bottles of Scotch triumphantly displayed by the hostess failed to bring a recess in the talk. The many astute contributions to the discussion cannot be detailed here, but we raise these questions to acquaint our many interested friends with the problems that face our new literary editor and the help he will need from all of us, veterans and newcomers, in gathering the right material. The points raised by North and Schneider are an indication of the direction in which contributions can be shaped, but there is much more to the general subject of "coalition" literature and art than we can deal with in this column. We wait upon our contributors for a further enlargement of the subject.

THE next issue will contain an interesting article by F. J. Meyers, discussing Earl Browder's approach to problems of the postwar period. Forthcoming issues will include "A Second Letter to a Liberal," a continuation of the subject begun by A. B. Magil in the current NM, a piece by Joseph North on anti-Semitism and the problem of being a Jew, and an article by Joel Bradford on Picasso. Romain Rolland, reported murdered by the Nazis, appeared in Paris last week to announce the publication of a new book. His death this week comes as a heavy loss to the lovers of literature and democracy everywhere. We will shortly publish a piece on this world anti-fascist by Nathan Ausubel.

J. F.

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NEW MASSES

VOL. LIV JANUARY 9, 1945 NO. 2

MEET SOME JEW-BAITERS

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Baltimore, Md.

"When the present war is over, we do not at all intend to exclude active and real, straight and genuine cooperation with other nations whether they are at present our friends or enemies in the current war (1944)." — From the "Statement of Principles" of American Action, Inc., "nonpartisan movement."

AT LEAST one of the committees which subtly disseminated anti-Semitism and warnings against so-called trends toward Communism and bureaucracy in campaigning for the candidacy of Tom Dewey is set up to continue operations. This Maryland committee, American Action, Inc., aims to promote a soft peace for our enemies. Its "Statement of Principles" plank quoted above, and conversations I have had with members make that clear.

Leaders of the group deny any connection with that leader of fascist ideology in America, Gerald L. K. Smith, just as they deny, with smirks, that their organization is anti-Semitic. But they have definite links with Smith, which I shall describe, and their literature reeks with anti-Semitic overtones.

Key figures in the corporation, Rev. Dr. Walter M. Haushalter, pastor of Baltimore's well-attended Christian Temple, and Eric Arlt, a sinister and mysterious character who has been mixed up in some of Baltimore's more flamboyant race-hate ventures, made conflicting statements to me. Both of them denied that the committee was connected with Smith. But Arlt declared that American Action, Inc., had held one meeting, in the Alcazar temple, on October 2 last, and I learned elsewhere on unquestioned authority that Gerald L. K. Smith addressed a closed meeting held in the Alcazar on October 2. It was attended by some 200 persons, among them, in front row seats reserved for honored guests, Messrs. Haushalter and Arlt. Questioned about an October 2 meeting of American Action in the Alcazar, Mr. Haushalter said, however, "I don't recall that we held any meeting at the Alcazar on October 2." "Do you recall any meeting held in the Alcazar?" he was asked. "No," he replied. "But I don't care to make any statement about the committee." Asked whether Smith hadn't spoken at a meeting of American Action, he said positively, "We have no connection with Gerald L. K. Smith and he has never spoken at a meeting of American Action."

The meeting at which Smith spoke was not advertised as under the auspices of American Action. But it is interesting that of the three meetings addressed by Smith in Baltimore during the campaign, only at this one was it announced the collection taken at the meeting would not go to the national America First Party funds but would be used for local purposes. The meeting was not reported in the press, as were Smith's other two meetings. Arlt took pains to volunteer the information that Smith had spoken at only two meetings here—but this was not the only matter on which Arlt cheerfully looked me in the eye with his half-smile and brazenly departed from known facts.

The Baltimore *Sun* of April 14 last reported the formation of a Baltimore branch of the America First party the previous night in the Alcazar at a meeting of 500 persons, with Gerald L. K. Smith speaking, and concluded with a paragraph reading: "Preliminary arrangements for the meeting were made in the name of the Citizens Good Government Committee by Eric Arlt, of Dundalk."

I failed to find Mr. Arlt in Dundalk, an outlying community of Baltimore, after a considerable search, but did locate him at the other side of town, in his bungalow at 709 Dunkirk Avenue. Arlt denied ever having heard of the Citizens Good Government Committee or knowing anything about its arrangements in behalf of the Smith meeting.

Eugene Karlin

LET there be no mistake about it: American Action, Inc., is not a crude, hastily-organized sort of outfit such as the Christian Action Committee of Muncie, Ind., for instance. [See NEW MASSES of October 31 for Miss Gardner's expose of the Christian Action Committee.] The CAC was frankly organized to combat the CIO's Political Action Committee and help elect Dewey. Composed largely of old functionaries of the Ku Klux Klan, the CAC was run behind the scenes by an avowed admirer of Father Charles Coughlin and Gerald L. K. Smith, Clarence Benadum, who sat on the platform at an America First rally during the campaign. The CAC never enrolled more than a few disreputable members of the clergy with Klan backgrounds. The Baltimore committee, on the other hand, has an impressive letterhead. It has managed to mislead some prominent clergymen in Baltimore whose pacifism has made them perhaps more gullible than they would be otherwise. It also has enrolled as patrons and directors, however, persons well identified with the America First Committee. Haushalter readily admitted his own connection with the Baltimore branch of the committee, as vice chairman. "It was the old committee, a patriotic committee, not the political party. I had no connection with the party," he said piously.

Dr. Haushalter greeted me with a benign smile and an almost effusive

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warmth. When I had reached him by phone he had not asked me my business but, apparently assuming I was a lady in some spiritual distress, told me I might come right out. Bending toward me from his impressive six-foot or more height, and flashing his dark, theatrical eyes at me, he asked me at once: "Would you care to speak with me in my study? It's a little more secluded." I smiled up at him in gratitude and it was in this spirit that our tete-a-tete began, Dr. Haushalter facing me with a smile of encouragement. His fingertips together, he inquired in unctuous tones, "Now what can I do for you?"

"Well," I began dreamily, "I wanted to talk to you about American Action, Inc. Is it still going on?"

His manner cooled just perceptibly, but he said, "Oh, yes, yes, indeed. What was it you wished to know?"

"Why, I'm a writer with NEW MASSES," I said, "and I'm just looking into it."

But now the change in his manner leaped from the quantitative to the qualitative in a hurry. The light faded completely from those beautiful dark eyes, and the lips beneath the Ronald Colman-like mustache twitched with displeasure. He drummed his fingers on the arm of his chair. As we talked he gave increasing signs of agitation, his hands actually shaking. At one point he asked, "Do you really think they will write us up?" This must have seemed a little undignified to his own ears. "Of course, we have nothing to hide, we're out in the open. Anyone can shoot at us," he said, defiant now.

"Our purposes are all there in our statement of principles," he said. I said I had seen them. "We're just trying to promote Christian principles in government. No, we had no connection with either party, or the Communists or fascists [he pronounced it with a broad 'a'] —in the campaign. We just urged voters to put all candidates through the sieve—to test them to see if they stood up to standards of Christian principles. We put on six or seven broadcasts before the election, the last the Sunday before, and we will put on others from time to time."

I ASKED him about the letter the organization sent to clergymen. The copy I saw was dated September 19. "Will you go into action with us for a more Christian America?" the letter asked in part. It was sent only to Protestants and Catholics? "That's right," he said, "it was sent to every Protestant and Catholic clergyman in the state of Maryland." Why were Jews excluded? I asked.

"We thought it would be a little presumptuous," he said, regaining some of his composure and giving me a sickly-sweet smile, "to ask any rabbi to subscribe to Christian principles. Of course," he went on blandly, "if there were any Jews who felt they could subscribe to Christian principles—after all, they're mostly just those of the Sermon on the Mount—why, we would have no objection to their joining us. At the same time, we would have no objection to their organizing to promote Jewish principles in the government."

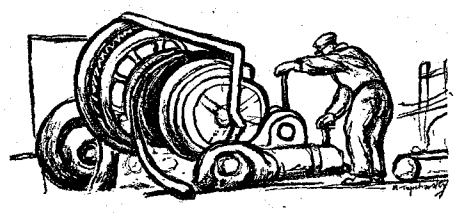
"And what are the differences, Mr. Haushalter, between Jewish principles and Christian principles?" I asked.

"Well, that gets us into an involved discussion, and besides, I would not want to be talking about committee policy until I see my board of directors," he said.

I told him I had read the text of one of his own radio broadcasts over WFBR (September 28) and the AA "principles" on the back of the letter to the clergy. "When there is such stressing of *Christian* all the way through," I asked, "don't you think someone might just possibly get the idea your organization was anti-Semitic?"

"I don't see how they possibly could," said Haushalter with exaggerated politeness, his eyes glittering, a faint smile playing about his thin lips. I failed to get the humor of the occasion, and I experienced this same feeling in an even more pronounced degree when I talked to Arlt—a sense that he could barely contain his laughter when he was saying politely, oh, how could devotion to Christian principles be considered anti-Semitic?

In his broadcast Haushalter had appealed to voters and said that AA, Inc., "comprises both Catholics and Protestants who earnestly desire that America shall return to Christian principles and constitutional government." He then said that "this Maryland movement called American Action is one of several similar movements now coming forward in various parts of the United States. There is a widespread feeling in all states of the union that something has sprung up on our soil that is hostile and alien to our American way of life and our American institutions. This hostile and alien thing offers a threat to Christianity and to all those sacred values known as constitutional government. Therefore you will find today in many different states American Christian and patriotic groups similar to our own, calling citizens into action. . . ."



Topchevsky

But in speaking with me Haushalter vigorously denied that AA was connected with any single organization. Gerald L. K. Smith? "We are not connected with *any* group," he said. What did he feel about Smith? "I don't care to say," he replied petulantly. "He is an ordained minister of my church."

Was it true he had urged his congregation to attend a Smith meeting? No, indeed. (This was before I learned he attended.)

"You tell me your organization is concerned about both Communism in the government and fascism. Do you mean you think there are fascists in the government, too?" I asked.

"Well, no, in the government it is mostly Communism we fear. But I will have to consult with my board of directors."

AFTER repeatedly protesting someone was waiting for him, that he had an appointment, that I would have to excuse him, we emerged from the study to find the selfsame secretary and the church janitor alone in the outer room.

"Now if the NEW MASSES is planning to write this group up as a fascist organization," he said loudly, "as some other Communist organization here did—"

"Who was that?" I interrupted. "Oh, some CIO paper," he said, impatiently. "As I say, if the NEW MASSES wants to take on a fight with us, it is taking on a job against organized Catholic *and* Protestant churches of Baltimore."

When I called him back on the telephone later to ask if he had seen his board, he said, "I haven't had a reply, but I doubt very much whether they want to be written up by NEW MASSES. Very frankly I don't care to be interviewed by NEW MASSES."

When I pointed out he already had been and that I intended to quote him, he said in a voice shaking with rage, "Then, just put this down, if you have a pencil. That if NEW MASSES is going

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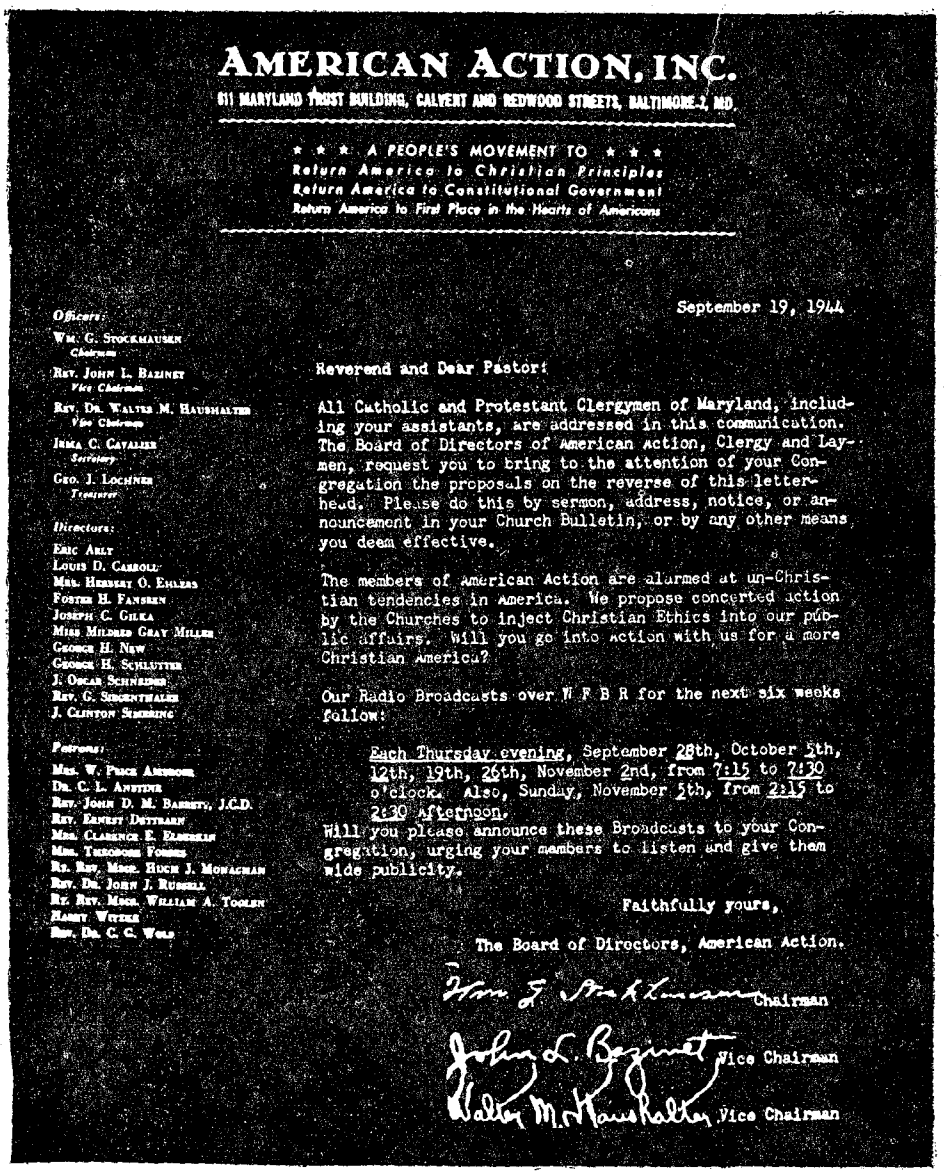

AMERICAN ACTION, INC.

611 MARYLAND TRUST BUILDING, CALVERT AND REDWOOD STREETS, BALTIMORE 2, MD.

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Return America to Christian Principles
Return America to Constitutional Government
Return America to First Place in the Hearts of Americans

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September 19, 1944

Reverend and Dear Pastor:

All Catholic and Protestant Clergymen of Maryland, including your assistants, are addressed in this communication. The Board of Directors of American Action, Clergy and Laymen, request you to bring to the attention of your Congregation the proposals on the reverse of this letterhead. Please do this by sermon, address, notice, or announcement in your Church Bulletin, or by any other means you deem effective.

The members of American Action are alarmed at un-Christian tendencies in America. We propose concerted action by the Churches to inject Christian Ethics into our public affairs. Will you go into action with us for a more Christian America?

Our Radio Broadcasts over W F B R for the next six weeks follow:

Each Thursday evening, September 28th, October 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th, November 2nd, from 7:15 to 7:30 o'clock. Also, Sunday, November 5th, from 2:15 to 2:30 afternoon.

Will you please announce these Broadcasts to your Congregation, urging your members to listen and give them wide publicity.

Faithfully yours,

The Board of Directors, American Action.

Chairman

Vice Chairman

Vice Chairman

Letter addressed exclusively to "Christians" from American Action, Inc., in Baltimore calling for "action" for "a more Christian America."

to tangle with us they'll tangle with powerful Christian influences in this country—"

"You made such a threatening statement the other day," I reminded him.

"It's not a threat," he said chokingly, "it's just the way we feel about it. Goodby."

I WAS ushered into the Arlt home reluctantly by a buxom lady with a strong Teutonic accent, presumably Mrs. Arlt. She quickly retired to the kitchen but emerged periodically thereafter to declare, "Eric, you really must be excused now. You have an appointment, you know."

Eric himself is a personable figure—if you like the glacial type. He is trim and erect. His hair is graying prematurely and is set in meticulous waves close to his head. His eyes are opaque and hazel and stare fixedly ahead. He has a chiseled mouth and fine teeth and a cold little smile hovers constantly on his alabaster-like countenance. The smile only makes it the colder.

"Pardon my appearance," he said, indicating his beautiful costume—a finely tailored sports shirt of brown and white plaid, and brown slacks. Except for the uninspired interior background, he looked like an ad for Finchley's. That was quite all right, I said, indicating that I had selected the little number I was wearing solely because of the snowstorm I arrived in.

I told him I was trying to learn something about American Action, told him who I was, and asked him about the plank calling for collaboration with enemy countries. "Yes, but that's for after the war," he said in the sort of flat toneless voice many deaf people have. "We believe that charity should begin at home but not end there. We're not for hatred. We're for a family of nations."

"Now let me get this straight," I said. "Is your organization for a sort of peace which would not be like Versailles—"

"That's right," he said. "We're for the sovereignty of our nation as well as all nations. Tolerance is a greatly misunderstood thing. True tolerance requires us to be tolerant even with our enemies, of course," he said, with the self-same smile, "we couldn't afford to take a position toward our enemies which might harm our country because of course we're a nationalistic group, committed to nationalistic principles. 'Return America to First Place in the Hearts of Americans,'" he chanted, "—you've probably read our literature. But of course from the Catholic point of view, there's only one international head, and all people are alike, even our enemies. That's in the religious sense. We haven't gone any farther than our principles say."

I asked him if there were other organizations elsewhere similar to American Action, Inc. "Oh, yes, the Four Freedoms Committee in New Jersey, and then there are others," he said with his glassy eyes staring in my direction.

"Eric, you really must hurry," said Mrs. Eric for about the third time. Eric seemed in no hurry. I asked about his own background. The Volke Co., which he heads, is a wholesale hardware concern. He was for years Americanization chairman of the American Legion, Hamilton post, one of the city's largest, he said. He is a board member of the Baltimore Association of Credit Men. He admitted having at various times held office in the shady Friends and Neighbors League, but declined to be more specific. He had belonged to Americans on Guard.

Elsewhere I learned that not only was Arlt responsible for bringing Gerald L. K. Smith to Baltimore for his first two meetings, under the name of a phony organization, but that he was interested in bringing Vivien Kellems, head of a Connecticut manufacturing firm, to Baltimore. Miss Kellems, who achieved notoriety by calling for a strike against taxes on the part of manufacturers, and by her correspondence with a Nazi agent, did address the Exchange Club of Baltimore and was scheduled to speak before the Credit Men. At a board meeting, however, some credit men protested her scheduled appearance

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violently, and in the ensuing row, before the Kellems speech was cancelled, Arlt emerged as her champion.

I learned later from other sources Arlt was vice president, though possibly not as a matter of public record, and presided at the first meeting of Americans on Guard, headed by John Farrell. This was the group which before Pearl Harbor used to have meetings addressed by former Rep. Jacob Thorkelson, outstanding anti-Semite and pro-fascist of the period.

This charming character, Mr. Arlt, admitted he had been with the old America First Committee, but indicated he had taken only a modest part in it. There is some question about this, as there must be in general about a man who heads only a small concern but seems to be organizationally quite influential in certain circles.

When Mrs. Arlt finally succeeded in chasing me out, she asked if I would ring before I came again—if I came. I said I would be delighted if they would give me their number, which was unlisted. Eric hastily suggested that I just drop in if I wanted to return. It was a polite but chilly farewell.

BOTH Arlt and Haushalter spoke of former Mayor Jackson of Baltimore as "not a member, but a contributor and supporter" of American Action. Jackson was active in Democrats for Dewey, "though he wasn't on the letterhead or listed as part of the organization," Arlt conceded. Most prominent names on the American Action letterhead are those of Catholic clergymen. These include the Rev. John D. M. Barrett, active in parochial schools, and Dr. John J. Russell, active in the Catholic Big Brother movement, as well as Msgr. William A. Toolen, Msgr. Hugh J. Monaghan and the Rev. John L. Bazinet.

A majority of these priests may well be sincere but misguided or misinformed in the matter of American Action. Father Bazinet, however, is one of two vice chairmen. When I called at St. Mary's Seminary, where he teaches religion, and told the man on the switchboard that I wanted to see him about American Action, he refused to see me. Father Bazinet in turn wanted to know if I were a reporter. When I said I was, the reply was, "No statement."

Later, however, I reached Monsignor Monaghan on the phone. He is the pastor of St. Ambrose Church, and has participated in some activities in the National Conference of Christians and Jews. I told him I was informed he was not anti-Semitic and wondered if he had read carefully any of the literature of American Action, which lists him, with the Reverend Fathers Barrett, Russell and Toolen, as "patrons." He said he had not, that all he knew about it was that Father Bazinet and Dr. Haushalter had called on him, explained its object "and it seemed very commendable—opposing anything that is undermining our American principles of government." I asked him if he could tell me anything of the background of Father Bazinet, who had refused to see me. Was Father Bazinet a follower of Father Charles Coughlin, as reputed?

"No," answered Monsignor Monaghan, "except insofar as he preached the doctrines of the Church—when he was on the air giving purely doctrinal sermons no one could object, but then he became more personal. I don't think Father Coughlin was anti-Jewish so far as race or religion was concerned, though. He was just against those who were anti-Christian. I admired the stand he took on Communism."

"Let me get this clear," I said. "Are you saying you do not think Father Coughlin was anti-Semitic?"

"No one had as many friends who were Jews as Father Coughlin in the beginning," said Monsignor Monaghan. "He was not opposed to the Jews as Jews but what some of them stood for—you know, they're Communists inside Russia and out. I am opposed to those who would undermine our democracy and the very things we are sacrificing for."

★

"Firm on my fat isolation,
I've staked out my dry land location,
Now the island gets smaller,
The tide rolls in taller:
I can't swim—what a snug situation!"

E. M.

I THEN asked the aging Father if he knew of any anti-Semite who said he was against Jews as Jews. Did he condone Coughlin on the ground that there were more Communists who were Jews than were Christians? "Oh, no, but more outstanding leaders," he said vaguely. "I haven't time to keep up on these things," he pleaded. "I'm so busy with purely religious work." He then told me of making speeches with rabbis on programs to further tolerance. I said I knew he had done such things, but could he explain why there were no rabbis in American Action? He had not thought of that, apparently. I said I understood there were numerous former America First people on it. His answer was that "anybody would be for America first, that our main interest is our own country and for that we went to war," but that "our duty doesn't end there." I could see that he had swallowed the committee's platform at its face value. I told him about Arlt's interpretation of the committee plank on enemy nations after the war and his claims about the Catholic viewpoint. "There is no difference between nations so far as human individuals go, but when a nation has become anti-God, that is another thing. But it is those who are running it, not the people, who are anti-God."

He said he thought that the world owed a great deal to German culture and science and that we should be encouraged to take "the human, Christian attitude" toward the German people in the peace, "as the Holy Father expressed it so thoroughly in his recent message."

It is the continued activity of groups like American Action, Inc., that lend a sinister emphasis to the recent post-election letter to "gloaters" by Gerald L. K. Smith, in which he boasted that he and his crowd would win in the end. Who finances American Action and other such outfits is anybody's guess, but it ought to be the concern of an alert Department of Justice. Jew-baiting, whether of the crude Court Asher brand or polished and packaged in "Christian" wrappers, is a Hitler time-bomb.

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LETTER TO A LIBERAL

By A. B. MAGIL

DEAR MARY G———:

When I had lunch with you the other day, you pulled out two clippings, one from *PM*, the other from NEW MASSES. The one from *PM* was Max Lerner's editorial castigating Earl Browder for his recent criticism of that paper. The NM clip was an editorial criticizing *PM*. Why must this be? You were distressed at what seemed to you so much bickering on the left. "Aren't you both on the same side?" You asked what was wrong with *PM's* position on the new State Department appointments. "Isn't Clayton a cartelist?" I tried to explain. But I realized how much more was involved than just this State Department issue. It is a whole way of looking at the problems of our country and the world. I knew it would take longer to explain than we had time for. And so I am writing this for you and for others like you—people who are neither Communists nor anti-Communists, but honest progressives who want a world in which the decencies of life can flourish.

As for what seems like bickering: These are times of turmoil and great crisis, and more is at stake for more people in what is done or not done than ever before in history. In such times it is not only the malice of the enemy that is dangerous, but often the well-intentioned but confused counsel of the friend. You know how in personal life good intentions don't save some people from committing stupidities and doing harm to their friends and near-ones. The same is true in political life, only the damage may affect millions instead of just one or a few individuals. That is why it is necessary sometimes to criticize friends and even to be sharp with them. If a certain shrillness occasionally develops, it may be because these interchanges are carried on at long distance, so to speak, with a chill and suspicious eye. But who is to blame for the situation? As you know, the United States is the only country in the world except the fascist dictatorships which is still under the shadow of the Nazi lie in one respect: that Communists and those who associate with them are treated like pariahs. In the recent election we saw what this meant for the entire country. The ideas of the Communists are either not discussed at all or so misrepresented that no intelligent person, unless he is bold enough to seek the original sources, is able to determine whether those ideas are good or bad. Unfortunately, some of the worst offenses on this score are committed in the name of liberalism. Nevertheless, the thinking and the work of the Communists are influential because they grow out of the real problems and needs of the people, and consequently sooner or later many other people find themselves in agreement with the Communists.

About a year and half ago Max Lerner and I discussed in the pages of NEW MASSES the question of collaboration between Communists and non-Communists. Sometime later a well known political leader said to me: "You asked whether Communists and liberals can cooperate. The question is beginning to be: can liberals cooperate with the rest of the country?" That is a pertinent question and it epitomizes the role of many—by no means all—liberals. I have in mind particularly those for whom *PM* and to a large extent the *Nation* and *New Republic* speak. All these publications have their good points. There are issues on which they do splendid work: they are against the fascists and anti-Semites at home and abroad, they speak up for Negro rights, they support the labor movement and especially its most advanced sector, the CIO. But where problems arise to which the answers are not the accustomed ones that progressives have given for years—where the accustomed ones may even be the wrong answers—where policy must be determined from considerations that encompass the whole range of national and international relationships, these publications are as likely as not to go off on tangents. And since so much depends on the right approach to fundamentals, and none of the issues on which these publications wage a good fight can be truly won without such an approach, occasional criticism (we wish it could be more in the nature of discussion among friends) of dangerous tendencies becomes unavoidable—in fact, essential.

YOU remember Pavlov's famous dog experiment. The dog had been so conditioned to expect food at the sound of a bell that he salivated every time the bell rang even when the physical cause, the food, was no longer there. Pavlov's dog is not a dog at all: he is a man and he happens to be an acquaintance of mine. In the pre-war years, when so many of us fought for collective security and shared the heartbreak and the failure, my friend was an intimate part of that fight. Everything has changed now: the collective security which was still-born in Spain, in Czechoslovakia and at Munich has sprung alive and strong from the awful loins of war, and Munich itself has been cancelled by Teheran. But my friend still responds to the bell of the past: his conditioned political reflexes permit him to see nothing but darkness and he mourns the ruin of mankind's hopes. Lest you think I am indulging in feelings of superiority, let me hasten to add that all of us have something of Pavlov's dog in us. All too often do we salivate intellectually after the original cause of salivation has disappeared and new factors have supervened. That which was once most sensitive and responsive in us we immure in glacial habit which resists the sun of the new day. We have got to fight that tendency in ourselves. We have got to fight for new vision against the claims of an old turned dark and barren. It isn't easy, but unless we fight against this paralysis of habit, against the lazy iteration of slogans and doctrines that no longer have the breath of life, we will lose the tongue of history; we shall become mere stones in the stream of events, or perhaps serve to build dykes against progress.

We Marxists had to wage that fight when war burst upon the world in September 1939: we had to break through the encrustations of the familiar and accustomed and determine the meaning of the new situation. We had to do it again in 1941 when the war engulfed the Soviet Union and shortly thereafter the United States and became a different war. And this is what we have been doing in an even more profound sense during the past year that began with Teheran. In this some see inconsistency. As well accuse a river of inconsistency for following the contours of its bed. To be unchanging in a changing world is to be inconsistent with life itself. The Republican Party was the

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party of progress in Lincoln's day, but can it be called that in our own? In society as in nature the present is always dying and the future is always being born. When we are distant in time from events, we can recognize this process without too much difficulty. The real problem is to recognize it when we ourselves are in the midst of it and part of it.

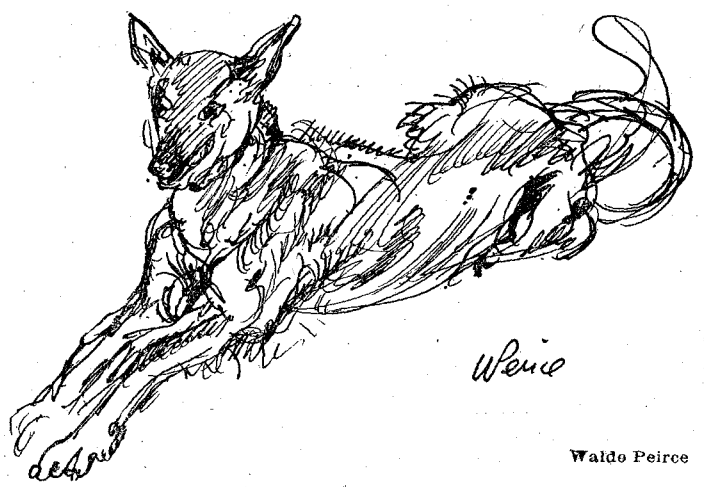
Most people thought Teheran was the continuation of the past: another conference of the leaders of the United Nations, perhaps more important than the others, but essentially no different. Yes, it was a continuation of the past, but it was also something more: the shape of the future. And this aspect was the more important of the two. Earl Browder, leader of the American Communists, saw this, and though *PM* scoffed, America in one way or another has begun to see it too. If one reads carefully the resolutions of the recent conventions of two such dissimilar organizations as the CIO and the National Farm Bureau Federation, it is evident that there are many more people than Earl Browder and the Communists who now understand that the future will be different from the past. And so, let me tell you how we see the meaning of Teheran.

Teheran signified an epochal turning point, not merely a break with but a transcending of the past. Since 1917 the world had been cleaved by the antagonism between its capitalist and socialist parts. That cleavage was a wound that gave intimations of capitalism's mortality. And out of fear and the fever of economic crisis were brewed the poison of fascism that sought to join the socialist and democratic capitalist nations in a common death. Capitalism by itself could no more resolve the crisis of war than it could earlier resolve the crisis of its economy. Paradoxically, it could live only by linking its own life with that of socialism. Out of common danger and common interest has grown collaboration where once was its opposite. This is something new under the sun. It is not simply military and political alliance. *It is a new form of existence.*

MANY of us in the pre-war years—liberals, Communists, anti-fascists of all kinds—dreamed of and worked for the unity of all nations against fascism, for the solidarity of socialist Russia and the capitalist lands. In Spain that dream was battered into bloody muck and we felt with terror in our hearts the world miss its footing and slide down into Munich. But now it has come—and come more richly than even we dreamed it—and I am astonished to find some of those who shared that dream unable to recognize it when it wears the face of reality. When I read those solemn warnings about what happened last time, about the mistakes that lost us the peace—as if the imperialist context of World War I and the reactionary, anti-Soviet peace that followed were all the result of a blunder by this or that individual—I marvel that, like Alice and the Red Queen, these people are running so hard in order to stay in the same place. We are moving into a new era, something that did not and could not exist before. It is not utopia. There will be gigantic problems for which the answers will not be found in the books. Mistakes will be made, stupidities committed, here and there will be setbacks, reversions to the past (as witness British policy in Greece). But don't mistake the bumps and ruts and occasional detours for the main road itself. In the world envisaged by Teheran there is for the first time the *possibility* of solving mankind's problems—and of solving them by and large peacefully and democratically. That possibility did not exist in the pre-war world. Our problems could not be solved because neither the capitalist nor the socialist countries could solve them separately and they would not solve them together.

Take the economic problem, for example, from which all others stem. Before the war the crux of that problem for the capitalist countries was the shrinking market in face of the expanding ability to produce. We Marxists said that this problem could not be solved under capitalism. We were right about capitalism considered as a system by itself. Because domestic and foreign markets could not absorb all the goods that were produced, there was large-scale unemployment, sharpened trade rivalry, economic instability and crisis, eventually fascism and war. But capitalist-socialist cooperation in the postwar period *can* solve the problem of the market, at least for a long time to come and to a sufficient degree to render it no longer acute. It can be solved because the vast potential markets of Europe, Asia, Africa and Latin America, which could be only partially developed so long as the world was organized on a dog-eat-dog basis, with weaker peoples subjugated, semi-feudal oppressions choking European living standards, and fascist intrigue and aggression undermining the whole economic structure, can now for the first time be fully developed to the advantage of all concerned. But these markets can be developed only by international agreement and on the basis of the right of self-determination, political democracy and social progress. This is what Teheran points to. Capitalism can thus enter a new period of economic vigor and growth. It won't be capitalism as we knew it (do the capitalists themselves want to go back to that nightmare era?); it will be a system adapting itself to and conditioned by the eradication of fascism, the democratic rebirth of the liberated and colonial peoples, and the new cooperative relations with a vigorous and strengthened socialism in Russia. And both capitalism and socialism will be driven by motives no less powerful than those which bind them together today: the need of capitalism to avoid economic collapse and of socialism to avoid economic isolation, and the need of both to prevent civil war and maintain peace.

I am talking of possibilities and perspectives, of the road that has opened up with Teheran. I am not talking of a magic carpet that will take us from where we are to where we want to go just by wishing it. In the recent election the American people endorsed our government's policy of moving on the Teheran road. But there are other roads, and there are no guarantees save those we fashion ourselves that in the future powerful influences may not succeed in deflecting us from our course. What is America's part in fulfilling Teheran? But that is a story by itself, and I must leave it for my next letter.



Waldo Peirce

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SCHOOLS FOR A NEW WORLD

By A. D. WINSPEAR

THAT the postwar world will be marked by a tremendous increase in adult education is a prediction which I think can be made with the utmost confidence. Nor is it hard to see why this should be so. The rapid changes which are going on in our world have slipped beyond the intellectual categories not only of the older generation, but even of recent graduates from our colleges and universities. Those of us who were in college twenty years ago hardly heard of fascism. If we did, it was as a kind of colorful eccentricity developing in a southern European state which provoked tolerant, cynical amusement or a covert admiration, because "the beggars had been cleaned out of Naples" and "the trains ran on time."

Twenty years have enlightened us. The march of fascism toward world conquest came within an ace of success. Hardly a village or community in the wide world was not affected by the onrushing of that monstrous system until its very success provoked its opposite, and the coalition of the United Nations arose to check its progress and to turn the victory of fascism into defeat. But even today only the minority of our people understand fascism. They do not see it in its economic dynamic or its profound political savagery, or fully comprehend its ruthless war against the great tradition of culture.

There is as a consequence a great popular hunger for understanding, for clarity. Adult education finds almost automatically a center and a focus as we try to clarify the issues for which we fight. If the "old graduate" finds that the march of events calls for new intellectual categories, for fresh understanding, it is nonetheless true that the recent graduate finds the march of events baffling, calls for reexamination of all his values, a reorientation of all his thinking. Consider, for example, the significance of Teheran. The perspective here held out is one of a stabilized and secure political world in which small nation and large can exist side by side in peace and security. It calls in the economic sphere for the recreation of an expanding economy through world planning in which capitalistic and socialistic nations join. It envisages the peaceful, orderly, democratic solution of our political and economic problems in a world of security, prosperity and peace. And by the progressive solution of our economic problems, it moves forward to banishing the scourge of war from the world for many generations.

These agreements call for readjustments in politics both foreign and domestic. What would seem paradoxical and impossible ten years ago now becomes sober historical fact. The capitalist nations which strove to isolate, surround, and destroy the first socialist republic, now find in that republic their best friend, the strongest champion of their economic and national interests against the great dragon that nearly destroyed them.

In domestic politics, too, the readjustments are great. The old warfare between capital and labor now becomes a matter of secondary importance. The common interest which binds us together is greater than the forces which would divide and tear us apart. Has the recent graduate, even the most intelligent, made the necessary readjustments in his thinking? Have the universities and colleges oriented their programs around the new perspectives? The answer, I am afraid, is No. And yet this must be done if the bright hopes of the Atlantic Charter, of Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran are to be realized.

But not only on such general grounds as this can we safely predict a great increase in liberal education. We have already the evidence that the people are hungry for direction, for clarity, for understanding, for knowledge, for science. The success of institutions like the Abraham Lincoln School is a matter of profound portent. In the first year of our existence, over 5,000 students enrolled in our courses and various activities. These men and women were motivated not by any desire for economic gain, for degrees or credits and the assurance of a lucrative post when they leave the halls of alma mater, but by sheer love of learning, the passion to understand. The faith of the teacher, classically expressed by Aristotle, that all men by nature yearn to know and to create afresh in the tradition of freedom, in such institutions revives and is restored.

The historical moment creates the passion of clarity, and this passion must be satisfied. There is evidence, too, that the traditional universities are beginning to realize the significance of their role. Everywhere we find the searching of hearts and a confession of failure. Everywhere we notice programs of reform and a promise to amend. No one can fail to regard these things as anything but hopeful portents.

And yet I believe if the colleges and universities and other institutions of popular enlightenment are to play the role which they should, there must be a much more thorough-going reexamination than the men of the schools have so far (at least to my notice) been willing to give. It struck me, therefore, that it might be of interest to jot down certain impressions which I get from conversations with my students in our school of why they find the educational experience here so stimulating and so satisfying.

FIRST then (this point will sound so simple that many readers may smile) students tell me that they demand that their teaching should be true. I ask them, Have you not felt the sense of truth in the college or the university you attend? In answer to my question, one intelligent student burst into a long harangue. He told me what had been taught to him about the Soviet Union, its "appalling weakness, inefficiency and hopelessness"; what had been taught to him about the labor movement; what had been revealed to him about the actual balance of forces in the contemporary world. "The war," he said, "has proved my whole educational experience false." To prove his point, he produced a file of his favorite weekly news magazine. Painstakingly, week by week, he had clipped their account of the Russian campaign. I must admit that it did not make pretty reading.

I asked the students about the history they had been taught. Had they understood how history moves? Did they come out of college with clear theories of social dynamics? They told me that history was for them an unintelligible jumble of facts and dates, a bewildering succession of wars, treaties, decrees, and uneasy periods of peace. I asked them about philosophy. Did philosophy give them a clear sense of the values by which they might live? Were these values really universal values? Could they be applied as easily to the Negro sharecropper or the Indian peasants as to the comfortable citizen of an upper class American sub-

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From "CTC," organ of the Confederation of Cuban Workers

1. Hitler set out to choose a uniform. First he tried that of Frederick of Prussia. "I don't understand," he said, "why they called him 'great'—his uniform was very tight, and his hat will hardly go on my head."

2. Hitler then tried on Napoleon's clothes. He looked at himself in the mirror and said: "How badly they tailored uniforms a hundred years ago! It certainly isn't cut to my measure. I am decidedly not Napoleon. I'm far superior."

3. Finally he tried on the uniform of the commander-in-chief of his armies. But it covered him very badly and split at the seams. At that point Hitler made up his mind to look around for a uniform that would suit him. . . .

4. But he needn't trouble himself. . . . The world has a very simple uniform ready for him, appropriate and cut exactly to his measure.

urb? I asked them about literature. Did literature shed warmth and illumination on the whole conduct of life? Did it guide them in their choices and make them courageous in moments of darkness and despair? They shook their heads. Literature had been distilled to scholarship, or to the pale dilettantism of art for art's sake. Any system of education that satisfies us, they said, must base itself on truth.

And then again, they said, it must not base itself on fear. Our traditional education—I know this will strike many readers as a monstrous judgment, but I record it anyway—our traditional education has been based on fear, fear of the working class, fear of progress, fear of historical movements, fear of Marxism, fear of the Soviet Union. But in the kingdom of truth, there is no place for fear. Perfect truth, like perfect love, casteth out fear. If education is to be purely defensive rationalization of a vested interest, it is no longer going to evoke the enthusiasm of ardent youth.

There is no reason why any section of American society should fear the destruction of Nazism and the rise of popular and democratic movements all over the world. Economically and politically this will mean the solution of very pressing problems, but culturally—and it is with this that education must have its chief concern—it will mean such an outburst of creative popular energy as the world has never seen before.

I CONFIDENTLY look forward to a new Renaissance, an infinitely greater creative period than the Renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. That great movement of the past was relatively circumscribed in space and in the numbers of people participating. Nonetheless, mankind has always looked back to it with gratitude to this day. The roll of painters and poets, of architects and scientists evokes a thrill of remembered enthusiasm as we travel through the cities of Italy or even study the monuments of the Renaissance embalmed as they are in the museums of the world.

But the new Renaissance to which we look forward will be an infinitely greater thing. It will be world-wide in its scope. It will draw into its sweep hundreds of millions of people. The remotest villages of India, of China, of Africa will be affected. The creative energy of these millions will be released. When the fetters of fear are removed, mankind will for the first time in its long history be able to let its creative activities have full play. Whatever adjustments are necessary as between class and class, group and group in America can be achieved by peaceful democratic discussion and an honorable give-and-take.

It is very much to be hoped that the American school system, its colleges and universities and every other institution of popular enlightenment will share in this great movement, that they will feel the invigoration of fresh breezes and will in turn do their share in evoking the creative energy of American men and women.

It is for this reason I believe that adult education in the postwar world has a great role to play, and of this great movement, an institution like the Abraham Lincoln School is the swallow, the harbinger, and the morning star.

Professor Winspear, on leave from the University of Wisconsin, is acting as Director of the Abraham Lincoln School in Chicago. The preceding piece appeared previously in the "American Oxonian."

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SHORE LEAVE IN BARI

By JACK LASKER

Somewhere in Italy.

BARI, the merchant marine's "little Pearl Harbor" which cost the Allies eighteen ships last year, still bears its scars. When we pulled into this Italian port last summer on a Liberty ship the first thing we saw was the charred, warped superstructures of a dozen ships. Several had disappeared.

We gazed at this thing that might have happened to us, that had happened, in fact, to about 1,800 merchant seamen and dock personnel. We knew that Shorty, one of our oilers, had waited out the raid in a Bari cafe, and that he didn't like the idea of returning to Bari, in August or any other month. We sought him out. He was leaning over the rail, peering at the wrecks.

"See your ship?" I said.

"I think that's her," he said mournfully. "That one over there. The one with the bow in the air, the three-incher pointing toward the sky. I'm pretty sure because that's where we were, lined up like clay pigeons with other Liberty's facing the breakwater. Some good men went down with her."

He stared into the water that had seen so much.

"You weren't on the ship at the time, were you?" I asked, anxious to hear the entire story. He snorted.

"Me? I was ashore. I was drinking that red wine of theirs when the bombs came down. My buddies were dying even then. How could I know how bad it was? I felt a bit ashamed of myself for a while. But there wasn't anything I could have done about it even if I was on the ship. It was all over so fast, twenty, thirty minutes."

"And then?" I asked.

"I came out of that cafe. The clouds were all lit up like they were on fire above the port. Couldn't go back to the ship then—too dangerous. A block from the cafe a house had been knocked down. We took a look. I saw a woman covered with rubble. She was bleeding, hardly breathing. Must have been a lot more killed there." He paused, shook his head.

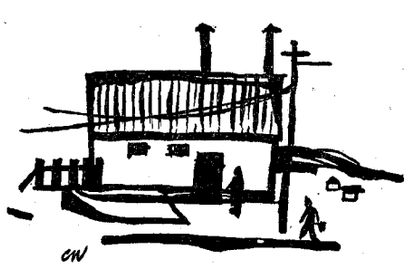
"I didn't find out till next day that our ship was gone. We went to the Naval Control building at the port next morning to ask what the story was. The lieutenant consulted his records. 'Sorry, boys, you're out of luck. You've lost your ship.' And we lost our cargo too—real good stuff. We had just arrived and hadn't unloaded any of it. That made it hurt more."

Next morning ashore Shorty and I went looking around the port. He wanted to see where he had been during the raid. We found the cafe, stepped inside, and Shorty smiled. There was the same proprietor, pouring out the same red wine and the mild "champagna." And there was the proprietor's son, ten-year-old Clemente. He remembered the chocolate Shorty gave him the last time so well that he had brought him the only chair in the place to sit down on.

"Recognize me?" Shorty asked the boss. "Bombs falling, December, I here. Understand?" gesticulating all the time. Signor Valenze gesticulated a bit too, Shorty said "*Si, si,*" and they shook on it.

"Drink this," said the boss, shoving over a glass of wine. "No pay me—okay! It was terrible night. Six hundred persons dead in Bari. Three hundred near here, others near the port. Dirty Germans!" Scowling, he drew his index finger across his throat. "That's what I like to do to them." He turned to a customer, and as we sipped our wine, Clemente came over. "How are you?" he asked. "Your ship, Was it lost?" Shorty nodded. He slipped the boy a stick of gum. Clemente was delighted. His jaws worked energetically.

"See that doorway?" Shorty said to me. "Well, there's a sort of corrugated metal door you roll down from overhead when you're closing up shop. We pulled it down when the raid started. Good thing we did. Don't know what it was, an explosion in the harbor, or a bomb falling near us, but the concussion bent the door to a semi-circle. Sure had us scared. We found debris piled up outside blocking the entrance when we pried the door open. I'll show you how we got out. Follow me."



Charles Nakata

He led me through a passageway out into an alley, and through it to the street. We looked for the bombed buildings. Almost an entire block had been destroyed.

It was the first time I had seen wrecked buildings. Some of the walls still stood. On one of them, slanting off at an angle, I noticed a picture, a grotesque reminder that people once lived here. Yet somehow the scene didn't seem as horrible as I had expected. The ruins had been cleaned up. There were no dead bodies lying around. I had been prepared for scenes like this by the newspapers, books and moving pictures. I just couldn't feel an anguish deep enough to cover the many people who had died here last year.

THE tourist in me suffered a quick death as I wandered about the town. I came to identify myself with a people who had suffered all the accumulated woes of fascism, war and occupation. The children evoked my sympathy. Many went barefoot. Some wore wooden clogs. Most wore shoddy ragged clothing. Sores and rashes of various kinds—occasionally bound up with cloth—testified to the lack of adequate diet, body hygiene and medical care. Hordes of kids tried to sell me almonds, and handfuls of fractional lira coins for a few lire—or preferably, a package of cigarettes. These bring a lot on the black market. Others asked if I had any chocolate, gum or spare cigarettes.

One day Shorty and I took ashore with us several boxes of candy-coated chocolates to give away. We walked up to a few street urchins and began distributing the chocolates. A mother holding her baby edged over to us. She opened the palm of her pint-sized infant's hand—a palm tiny, grey, bloodless—for the chocolates. I poured half the box into the mother's hand instead.

The kids' hands darted at me again. Soon there were six, then ten, then hundreds, it seemed. All surged in upon me, irresistibly urgent. I'd give to one, and beckon to him to go away so I could give to others. But soon he too would be back. It was difficult to remember to whom I had already given. With a passionate demand lighting up their lean

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"The Violinist," sketch by Minna Citron.

faces, this clamoring humanity pressed, pushed, shoved, and soon made orderly distribution impossible.

I tossed the contents of the box into the air and rushed away, still holding the box. Shorty joined me. The kids fought among themselves for the "spoils."

A girl carrying her pale baby brother caught at the box, and I won't forget her look when she saw it was empty. It came to me with a shock that it wasn't candy I had given away, but *food*.

ONE day I noticed a group of fishermen selling fresh squid. There were several purchasers. An American sailor bought one to taste it raw, as others were doing. He couldn't bring himself to bite into it. He gave it away to a boy of about twelve who washed it daintily in the polluted water, thrust one of its rough white tentacles into his mouth. He crunched into it, seemed surprised. Voraciously, he ate the squid.

Prostitution, though prevalent, was seldom visible to the casual eye. There were no red light districts, no street walkers. Soliciting was done by cabbies, friends and younger brothers of the girls. I heard several unthinking Americans disgustedly snarl, "Those kids! They'd sell their own sisters!" The fact that many Italians faced the alternative of death by starvation didn't occur to these Yanks, accustomed to enjoying life's necessities.

Perhaps as a reaction against this widespread prostitution, some Italians violently opposed public mingling of their women with the British and Americans in Bari. An Italian ex-army officer who had deserted following the armistice told me several women "guilty" of going out with Allied troops had had their hair cropped. A friend of mine off another merchant ship says he too heard of such incidents. Italians I met were conscious of our superior economic status: an American soldier or sailor is rich in their eyes.

Though hungry, the Italian people managed to get a little fun out of life. Swimming was free. The seashore throbbed with romping, yelling children. Sunbathing adults sprawled over prehistoric boulders you wouldn't expect to find on an Italian beach. Nude and semi-nude under-teen-age boys strode to and from the beach, unselfconscious.

Italians love their music. Once I heard the clear beauty of a violin coming from a barber shop. Surprised, I pushed aside the thin metal chains descending over the entrance from ceiling to ground, and stepped inside. A dreamy-eyed man about forty, his face prematurely furrowed, sadly fingered the violin strings. A youth in his twenties accompanied him on the guitar. I sat down.

One of their numbers was *Lili Marlene*. The barber joined in with his zither to play this haunting tune of World War II. Originally an Afrika Corps marching song, it had become popular when Italy belonged to the Axis. I had previously heard this British parody:

There was a song the Eighth Army used to hear
In the lonely desert romantic sweet and clear,
Over the ether came the strain, the soft refrain,
each night again,
With you Lili Marlene, with you Lili Marlene.

We knew the music wasn't meant for us,
Husky the singer, blond-haired Nazi huss,
But still the music sweetly came, each night again,
the soft refrain,
With you Lili Marlene, with you Lili Marlene.

Afrika Corps has vanished from the earth,
Smashed soon will be the swine who gave it birth,
No more we'll hear that lilting strain, each night
again, that soft refrain,
With you Lili Marlene, with you Lili Marlene.

A last musical impression: As I was returning to the ship one evening I came upon a circle of fifteen kids, none of them more than ten, and all undersized. Crouched on the sidewalk, they were singing spiritedly. One of their numbers was *Pistol Packing Mama*—with lyrics both English and Italian. I listened a while. As I had to beat the curfew back to the ship I reluctantly moved away. They rose to their feet and followed me, still singing. They carried boxes containing almonds unsold after the day's business. Near the port gate I thanked them for the impromptu serenade. I bought some almonds and made for the ship.

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NEW IDEAS IN MEDICINE

By EDWARD EARLE STARR

It is safe to say that no therapeutic agent discovered by man has saved so many lives in so short a time as have the sulfonamide compounds. For example, the fatality rate for cases of pneumonia in the armed forces has been cut to perhaps less than a twentieth of what it was in the last war. This is one of the dramatic results of present-day chemotherapy.

The recent growth of the field of chemotherapy has opened new vistas of medical knowledge and provided the stimulus for scientific investigations of the highest importance. Paul Ehrlich, justly regarded as the father of chemotherapy, defined this young science as the treatment of infectious disease by chemicals of known composition. This definition excludes sera, vaccines, and the like which are not chemical agents of known composition but rather biological products. Their mode of action is to increase the patient's immunity against specific infections either by active stimulation of the patient's resistance or by passive transfer of immunity to him. The chemotherapeutic drug functions, however, by acting directly against the invading organism.

For several centuries three compounds have been used in the treatment of infectious disease: mercury for syphilis (probably the oldest chemotherapeutic known), quinine for malaria, and ipecac for amebic dysentery. Why these drugs were more or less effective was entirely unknown. They were used purely on the basis of experience. Ehrlich's classic work shortly after the start of the twentieth century consisted of empirical but none the less systematic and well-ordered trials of a vast number of compounds on infected animals. Inasmuch as syphilitic infection of laboratory animals had not yet been achieved, Ehrlich used instead animals infected with what were considered roughly similar organisms—the trypanosomes of African sleeping sickness. The necessity of using a roughly similar rather than the identical infective agent for the experiments multiplied difficulties enormously. After countless trials the 606th compound tested by Ehrlich was successful in the treatment of syphilis, thus marking the dawn of a new era in medicine.

Great advances took place in rapid succession in the 1930's following the cure of experimentally induced streptococcus infection in mice by sulfanilamide. In contrast to the delicate treponemes of syphilis, strepococci and other bacteria against which the sulfa drugs are effective can readily be grown in a test tube. By virtue of this fact it has been possible to study in detail the effects of the sulfa drugs on bacteria outside the body. The attempt is thus made to determine as precisely as possible the effects which the drugs have in a test tube before using them on animals—a matter involving many complicating factors. The present-day investigator is also aided by the vast number of experimental infections which can now be produced in animals. Ehrlich, on the other hand, was forced to work with a similar but not the same infecting organism as he was attempting to cope with in human beings.

There is yet another important aspect in which research on the sulfa drugs has enjoyed a special advantage. Not only quinine and arsphenamine but most of the usual drugs used in internal medicine had been studied in terms of the effects of varying doses, with little or no exact knowledge of the fate of the drug in the body once it was administered. But the study of the sulfa drugs has been aided by a simple method which has been devised for determining the amount of sulfa drug in the blood urine, and the various body tissues and fluids. It has thus been possible to acquire exact information concerning the absorption of the drugs from the intestines, how they are distributed throughout the body, how the body deals with them, and how they are excreted in the urine.

It has been found that the action of the drugs in most cases quite naturally varies according to their concentration in the blood rather than depending strictly on their dosage, which does not necessarily parallel the blood concentration. Determination of the quantity of sulfa drugs in the blood has become part of good laboratory routine. Thus the concept of the concentration of a drug in the body has gained ascendancy over the traditional manner of thinking in terms of the dosage given. This has proved of great value in dealing with many drugs besides chemotherapeutics. This concept has also greatly facilitated the investigation of the innumerable modifications of sulfanilamide which have been developed.

Besides variations in absorption, excretion, and so on seen among individual patients, there are crucial differences among the various drugs. For example, drugs A and B might be equally effective against a given organism in the test tube, but in the body drug A may be absorbed from the intestine more completely than B; thus, it might happen that twice as high a concentration in the blood could be attained with the same oral dose, thus explaining an apparently greater potency of drug A in actual use. Another drug may have a still higher blood concentration by virtue of slower excretion. Still another drug with a high blood concentration may be rendered less effective by being transformed into an inactive form by body processes. This rough picture, admittedly incomplete, provides an idea of the way in which the merits of newly developed sulfa drugs have been tested. The approach marks a significant advance in medical progress.

The precise fashion in which the sulfa drugs act against bacteria has been the subject of considerable controversy. At present a widely favored theory is the "competitive inhibition hypothesis." This theory postulates that sulfa drugs prevent the use of bacteria of para-amino-benzoic acid, a substance thought to be essential for their life processes. This substance has a chemical formula quite similar to that of the sulfa drugs. If para-amino-benzoic acid be added to a test tube of living bacteria, the sulfa drugs will have little or no effect against them. The interpretation offered is that the sulfa drugs compete for para-amino-

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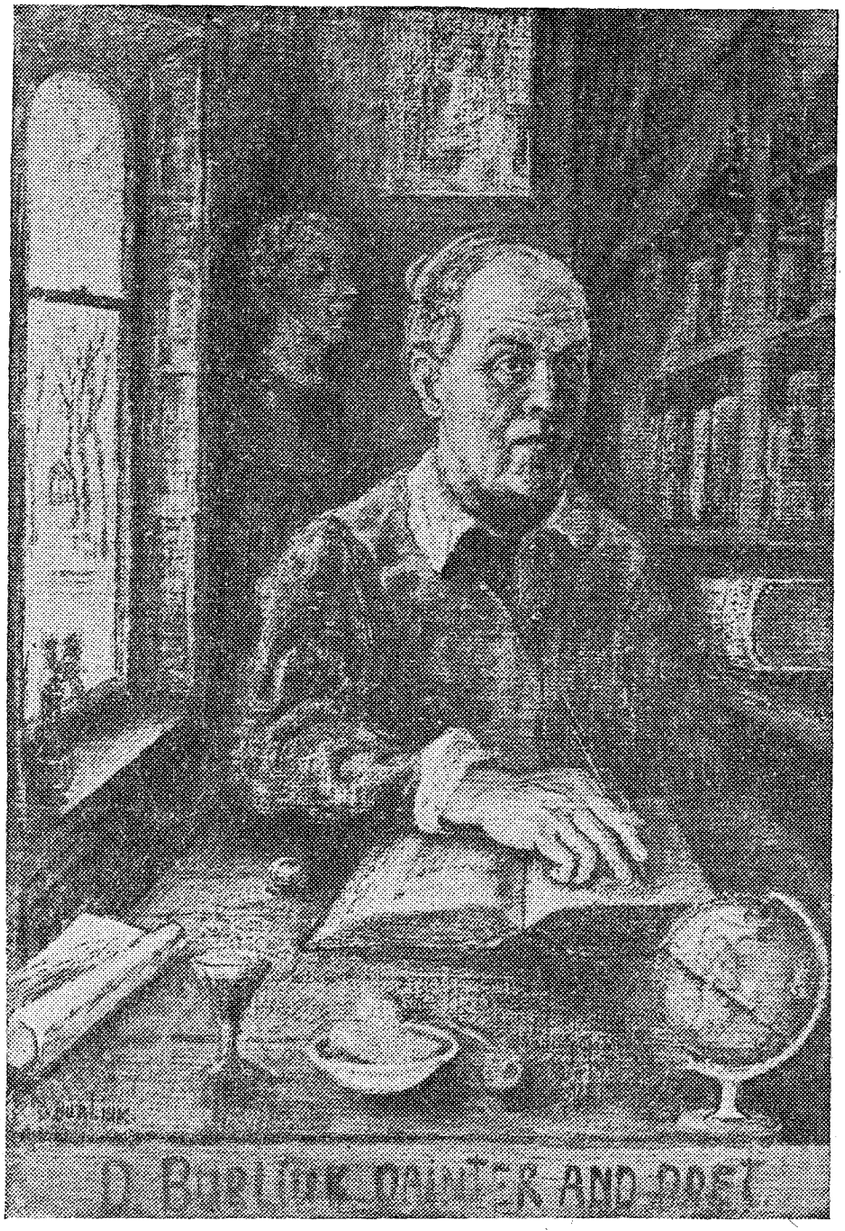

Self-portrait by David Burliuk. From his current exhibition at the ACA Gallery, reviewed on page 27.

benzoic acid's place in some life process of the bacteria. If the sulfa drug be present in sufficient excess it will capture the pivotal spot in the vital mechanism, thus injuring the bacteria. However, the addition of excessive para-amino-benzoic acid "crowds" the sulfa drug out of the picture, thus leaving the bacteria unharmed.

The potential practical importance of this theory lies in the fact of the chemical structural similarity between all the sulfa drugs and the compound para-amino-benzoic acid. Whether or not this theory proves to be correct (and it has been challenged for several reasons) it does suggest an avenue for future research, taking as a point of attack the compounds needed for the subsistence of bacteria. Chemical variants of these essential substances with added elements, not only sulfur but innumerable others, could be tried in the search for drugs which would block various life processes of bacteria when more of the way in which they function becomes known. One may conceive of the discovery of whole new series of drugs, the fruit of reasoned rather than purely trial-and-error methods in the quest for new therapeutic agents.

ALLIED to chemotherapy is the field sometimes termed biotherapy; rather than employing compounds of known composition produced in the laboratory it utilizes products derived from bacteria. In brief, materials are obtained from bacteria and their allies which have harmful effects on other bacteria. A little more than fifteen years ago Alexander Fleming made the chance observation that his laboratory plates with growing bacteria showed that around the spots where a contaminating mold, *penicillium notatum*, had grown, the bacteria were dissolved. This led to his extraction of "penicillin," a product excreted by the mold *penicillium*. This most potent anti-bacterial agent yet discovered lay neglected until its further development some ten years later by Florey, Chaim, and their co-workers. In contrast to the fatal reactions which can occur with the sulfonamides, especially when improperly used, there have been no fatalities reported due to penicillin, and only relatively minor ill effects have occurred.

The coordinated scheme of investigation of the clinical use of penicillin carried out in this country under the direction of the Committee on Chemotherapy of the National Research Council has been a model of efficiency at a time when penicillin was scarce and its need by the armed forces urgent. The rapid acquisition and assembling of crucial information should provide an example of the advantages of organized cooperative clinical research.

A further promising method of approaching such problems is illustrated in the discovery by Du Bos of gramicidin, a drug whose range of practical application is limited. Into a starved earth, an environment poor in the essentials of bacterial life, were introduced disease-producing bacteria which had to compete with other micro-organisms for the means of subsistence. A strain of harmless bacteria inhabiting the soil survived the competition and was found to have the capacity for manufacturing a substance which would destroy its competitors. From this soil-dwelling bacterium Du Bos extracted gramicidin, a material which could be used therapeutically against the type of disease-producing bacteria which had succumbed in the barren environment, as well as against allied forms of bacteria.

This discovery opens the way for the development of further biological products obtained from the victors of civil war between different species of bacteria. This new approach as well as the other methods promise a further extending of the frontiers of biotherapy and chemotherapy. Already these fields have opened a new chapter in the fight against infectious disease: and where the many developments will lead it is now impossible to foretell.

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IN THE SLAVEOWNERS' LAND

By VICTOR RUDNY

Moscow (by wireless).

NEAR the shores of Kurisches Haff at the estuary of the Nieman River lies the town of Silute in the Klaiped Region of Lithuania. On German maps the town is called Heidekrug, and since the following phenomena are specially German fascist in nature and reveal something of life in Germany today we shall call it that.

Heidekrug is unscathed. So swift was the breakthrough of our troops in the Klaiped area that it fell without battle. Beyond the sawmill and the brewery stood the straight lines of stone houses and shops, each bearing large signs with the name of the owner in squat gothic letters. All doors and windows were open. The houses had all been abandoned. With the exception of two or three old women, the Germans had fled. All had felt that they were guilty.

It is often said that the character of a town may be determined by its main street. The central thoroughfare of Heidekrug, Hitlerstrasse, contains everything appropriate to its name: a casino, a brothel, a prison and kennels. There is nothing surprising in discovering kennels in the heart of town. A two-story stone building surrounded by lindens and an ironwork fence at the foot of Hitlerstrasse told the story of what they were for. Here, to all appearances, had lived a rich German; and it was apparent that he had fled as suddenly as the rest. In the stable he had left big quilts stuffed with red feathers. In the bathroom were found a washbowl filled with soapy water, a towel on the floor.

The interior was oppressively rich, with twenty-four rooms, extensive servant quarters, and numerous storerooms jammed with property of all kinds. Each room resembled an antique shop. In one there was a collection of musical instruments, in another rare furniture from various countries, in a third porcelain and crystal. The hallways were filled with stuff from all parts of Europe, and one could not help wondering how all this wealth had been amassed.

It was not difficult to learn who owned this super pawnshop. "Property of Dr. Scheu" was stamped on everything—on starched collars, on typewriters, on toilet articles—even on the enameled spittoon near the entrance. All who spat here were required to know that the vessel belonged to Dr. Scheu.

In one of the rooms on the second floor I discovered something which resembled a file case from a public library. Reaching at random I pulled out a four-page questionnaire and read "Labor card." The words "from former Soviet regions" had been filled in by hand. This was a slaver's catalogue. I was in the house of a slaveowner. On the first page to the left there was space for fingerprints. The space to the right contained a snapshot of a slavegirl, bearing a labor number. The form had been drawn up in strict conformity with the registration forms for criminals in Germany and had been certified by all slave administrative offices of the fascist governmental machine. At the bottom of the first page in small letters one could read "Form A-Five D-Edition Number Fifty." The questionnaire had been printed in November 1942, in 100,000 copies.

The following rule had been entered on the second page: "This labor card is valid only in the establishment of the aforementioned employer and is not valid when employe leaves this place of work." On the third page this rule was repeated in twelve languages: Russian, Italian, French, Dutch, Norwegian, Hungarian, Rumanian, Czech, Slovakian, Polish, Bulgarian and Ukrainian. The slave document was prepared for all peoples in Europe. The stamped imprint on the second page also warned the reader that "leaving one's place of work and living quarters without permission of the labor exchange will be followed by dire punishment."

Soriano.

In the preamble on the second page there was a space with the word *Befreiungschein*—certificate of liberation. Obviously in disguise, this word was carefully crossed out in each of the questionnaires. The Germans evidently believed the word superfluous. The entire questionnaire bore a police character. In each there was a space for the name and nickname of the slave in question. I drew them from the box one by one. All were documents of Russian people—mostly children and women from the Leningrad region. Two of the questionnaires were those with the name Kononova. They were mother and daughter. One bore the number 810. Valentina Kononova was born on April 11, 1930, in the town of Navoloki near Leningrad. She arrived in Germany April 5, 1944, a week before her fourteenth birthday. Under the spaces for citizenship and nationality there was written "undetermined—working woman from occupied eastern regions, profession—laborer." On the photo was the simple face of a child. Alongside there were slender fingerprints. The next questionnaire, number 811, was that of Agrippinat Kononova, mother of Valentina. Who was the owner? To whom were these slaves bound by their shameful documents in twelve languages? The questionnaire supplied the answer. It was Dr. Scheu—*the slaveowner with a university education.*

THERE were eighty-four such questionnaires in the box. Perhaps there were other boxes. Perhaps Dr. Scheu owned hundreds of slaves. His stamp had been placed on the lot of them—the same imprint as was found on his starched collars, on his crockery, on the spittoon and the inkwell.

I searched the house from top to bottom for someone who could tell us more about this terrible place. In the cellar I found a German police dog and an old woman. She told us that Dr. Scheu had rented her the land and slaves. He had taken the slaves away but had left her here. Thus it turned out that the slaveowner was also a labor peddler. Hitler had collected ten marks from him for every Russian woman and girl delivered. He, in turn, had sold his slaves to others—to be more correct, he

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had rented them out. And the profits had enabled Dr. Scheu to amass his twenty-four room pawn-shop.

The secret of his success lay bare. I asked the old woman, "Did any of the slaves try to run away?"

"They tried but they were always caught," she grunted. "There was a woman who nearly reached the frontier but she too was caught."

"What happened to them?"

"Dogs caught her, dogs like these." She pointed to the huge animal at her side. And I realized what had been the fate of the runaways. The dog belonged to the municipal kennels of Heidekrug. That was precisely why the Germans had found it necessary to maintain excellent kennels in the center of town on Adolph Hitler Street alongside the brothel, the casino and prison. Kennels were a profitable enterprise during war. Everything that was connected with slavery yielded the highest dividends. In every house in Heidekrug and on every German farm were slaves and slave documents. Dogs were necessary to prevent slaves from running away.

I had seen questionnaires like those in Dr. Sheu's house everywhere—in the Klaiped region and in East Prussia. That too was why there were so many shops in Germany and why the homes of shop-owners were so opulent. That was why they had all participated in Hitler's war of conquest and why they had all fled. They were all guilty. All had been accessories to murder and pillage. They had all participated in the division of spoils.

I emerged from Heidekrug onto a highway—a broad avenue of asphalt extending through the whole Klaiped region wrested by the Germans from Lithuania. It was a good road, but it had been built by our brothers, our sisters, and little girls who should have been going to school, who should have been living carefree and in comfort at home, who should have been preparing to be scientists, engineers, flyers.

Along the road there were endless cemeteries. In ditches there were overturned trucks, carts, tractors, red-feather quilts and abandoned handbags. This was retribution. These had been Germans on the run. They too had at last learned what their evil genius had taught the whole of Europe—the sorrows of the refugee. Moving slowly along the side of the road there were two-horse carts covered with canvas. Cart followed on cart. There were entire trains of them. Protruding from beneath the canvas there were bicycle wheels, Singer

(*Continued on page* 21)

READERS' FORUM

Criticism Criticized

TO NEW MASSES: I'm sorry that this letter of criticism must be directed at your finest writer, A. B. Magil. His review of Harold J. Laski's new essay, *Faith, Reason, and Civilization* [NEW MASSES, November 28], was for me disappointing and unjustly negative. I had hoped to gain, second-hand through this review, some of the valuable thoughts Laski may be contributing to modern philosophy (never having read any of his work). A. B. Magil seems to take for granted, however, that all NEW MASSES readers are sufficiently acquainted with the volume and the "much to recommend it." He therefore proceeds to deal only with defects, leaving us with a lopsided impression of the book's weakness.

When Magil speaks poetically of Laski's failure to find "the light," I can hear a distinct tone of arrogance which Marxist critics should never permit themselves. Nor is a mind to be criticized because some of its problems are unresolved, because it sometimes wavers and lacks complete confidence in its own conclusions. Mr. Magil must descend from the high attitude. A mind that struggles can produce riches. A transition book can be mighty significant. Not altogether clear, not altogether optimistic, not altogether approached from "the standpoint of the economic and social imperatives of our time," such a volume can nevertheless contain profound contributions, can influence many minds facing the same transition, and may even, because of the author's honesty and brave willingness to develop, present a perspective wider and deeper than the product of a never-struggling, unfaltering brain.

Alfred Kreymborg, in a conversation with me some weeks ago, happened to express the most extravagant praise for Laski's new book. Now that Magil has dealt with the "weaknesses," you might invite Mr. Kreymborg or someone else to tell us about the "much to commend it."

AARON KRAMER.

New York.

I AM sorry that Mr. Kramer found my review of Harold Laski's book "disappointing and unjustly negative." It is clear from his letter that his disappointment was due to the fact that the review failed to confirm his own preconceptions about the book. But since Mr. Kramer admits that he has not read the book—or anything else by Mr. Laski—it is not evident on what he bases his conclusion that my review was "unjustly negative." The review did not "deal only with defects." It dealt with Mr. Laski's *ideas*. It pointed out what was positive in them, as well as what was negative. That the weaknesses of the book required more discussion than its strengths is not in itself proof of lopsidedness on the part of the reviewer.

As to the "tone" of the review, Mr. Kramer seems to be suggesting that the author of *Faith, Reason, and Civilization* should have been treated like a new, promising young writer groping his way toward the light and in need of affectionate nursing. I doubt whether Mr. Laski would be flattered by that kind of treatment. He happens to be a mature thinker, a professional intellectual with clearly formed opinions which he has embodied in some fifteen or twenty books—most of which I happen to have read. Any man who aspires to intellectual leadership must submit his ideas to the test of public discussion and debate. In the case of a progressive like Harold Laski public discussion and debate includes criticism. It should exclude both one-sided attack and coddling.

A. B. MAGIL.

Special Correspondence

TO NEW MASSES: Folks in this village has lately heered of a paper called the *New Yorker* spouting a lot of loose talk about Profiles and claiming to have some kind of a copy-write on 'em. We're a telling the cockeyed world that Profile Mountain riz up out of the ground here 410,784,623 years ago last Nov. 7, which date is always obsarved by local Democrats as Founders' Day.

Furthermore, at the annual celebration last month Jedediah Greenwood, who sez he's the direct and likewise co-lateral descendant of 100,000 protozooms that wuz farming in the neighborhood when Old Profile wuz hatched, come right out and said the folks of this community is dead set agin the *New Yorker*, 'cause they never had no use for a Copy Cat.

Hoping you're the same. Your speshul correspondent,

ABEL E. WINTERBOTTOM.

P.S. Folks call me Hardly Abel, but 'taint my right name.

A. E. W.

Profile House Station, N. H.

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NM SPOTLIGHT

WRECKERS AND CONFUSIONISTS

By THE EDITORS

As WE write the tide of battle in Belgium and Luxembourg has turned definitely in our favor. From the moment when the first bad news came that von Rundstedt had launched a counter-drive, it has been our firm belief that it would be halted, thrust back and that out of this battle Allied forces would emerge more resourceful than they have ever been before. The calculation leading to this opinion was a simple one: we have never for a moment thought that the war could be considered in the bag until the Wehrmacht was completely crushed, and it was plain that so long as it existed as an entity even with limited resources it would attempt to come back if only to delay its inevitable destruction.

It is perhaps true that some of our Army intelligence personnel has not been too alert and that they may have misread the meaning of Nazi troop concentrations. If that proves to be the case then the inefficient among them should be rooted out. But let us not comfort ourselves by finding over-simple explanations for what has been a severe military setback. The fact is that when the enemy deploys an overwhelming concentration of men and armor on a relatively narrow front he is bound to make some progress, even if intelligence reports are accurate. Despite all such comparisons the German tactical success was no Pearl Harbor. Those who say it was misunderstand the present phase of the war. They fail to see that what happened took place after we pushed the enemy back for hundreds of miles from the Atlantic Coast onto his own terrain. We are passing through a precarious stage of our *offensive* warfare while the Germans are strategically on the *defensive*. That is the cardinal point to remember.

What have been the objectives of the Nazi drive? They are primarily two. Aside from giving home morale another injection of ersatz enthusiasm (reminiscent of the great victory Goebbels promised with the launching of buzz-bombs), the important goals were to impede the unfolding of the Allied offensive plans for the winter while the German propaganda machine again undertook to split the Allied coalition. From the beginning von Rundstedt had the assistance of several people in this country. One of them has already been unofficially rewarded with the Iron Cross. He is John O'Donnell, the Washington correspondent of the Patterson-McCormick newspapers. O'Donnell's services to the German High Command must exceed its fondest expectations. In the New York *Daily News* (December 27, 1944), he does not just ask that the American Army write off its winter campaign and slosh around in the mud until next spring or summer—a matter which in itself would give von Rundstedt endless delight. O'Donnell goes all the way: he asks that American forces be completely withdrawn from Europe. He is of course careful in making this suggestion and attributes it to something a certain anonymous Senator will say next month. That may be. But O'Donnell's heart and the anonymous Senator's beat as one. And where would O'Donnell ship the American armies? He would send them "to fight our real No. 1 enemy: Japan."

Here then is a clear example of how the German drive was the signal for every defeatist to challenge the whole strategy of the war and to concentrate new attacks on the President for insisting that Hitler be licked first while we move ahead in the Pacific. So heartbroken is O'Donnell over the Americans dying in Belgium that he would give Hitler another chance to recuperate in order to come back at these same Americans in greater force. The Pacific Firsters have not given up hope of saving Nazidom, of turning the war clock back, of breaking up the grand alliance by having this country pull out of the conflict.

IF IT were only the O'Donnells who were damaging American morale, that would be one thing. They are so discredited, they have suffered so many defeats, their voices are so quickly recognizable that they have only to open their mouths for decent and patriotic people instinctively to turn away from them. But there are others, seemingly well-intentioned, who have joined in the uproar against the President, his war policies and the coalition. They have thereby given Dr. Goebbels all he needs to injure Allied unity. Some of them parade as liberals, and others actually are. There is, for example, Dorothy Thompson, who is frequently given to panic and reckless writing when the utmost stability and the clearest thinking are imperative.

In her column in the New York *Post* (December 22, 1944), Miss Thompson displayed an array of nonsense totally unworthy of the many excellent and constructive things she has done. She reflects the thinking of those circles who, if they were charged with Soviet-baiting, would sit back in horror and demand an apology. But Soviet-baiting it is nonetheless. Miss Thompson comes to the defense of Poland against the alleged Russian menace to Polish independence. Poland will be helpless, she insists, because any Polish government that is friendly to the USSR must of necessity be a servile country. In other words, a government hostile to the Soviet Union is the only one that can retain its integrity and freedom. Furthermore, Miss Thompson warns that the USSR is attempting to dominate Europe "and neither Britain nor America will have any power on the continent." Where have we heard that before? From the Goebbel's radio, of course. It is a daily diet on the Hearst editorial page and in every Axis-minded newspaper in the world. Must Miss Thompson help them? Does she have to repeat the abject nonsense of America's enemies for the sake of what she considers to be "realism" in public discussion? Does Miss Thompson forget that it is the Red Army and the Red Army alone that can rescue Poland from the Germans? Does Miss Thompson forget that a Poland hostile to the USSR means war in Europe again aided and abetted by Germany?

If she will take the trouble she will find in the *Information Bulletin* of the Soviet Embassy in Washington (November 28, 1944) a summary of a

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statement made by Marshal Stalin to a delegation of Poles from Warsaw in which he expressed a desire for close alliance among the Slav peoples based on the principle of "equals with equals." And more, Miss Thompson will find that "Marshal Stalin also stressed the necessity of an alliance between Poland and the western democracies. It was not enough to have an ally in the East; Poland must live in firm alliance with France, Britain and the United States, as well." Would Miss Thompson call this an attempt on the part of Soviet leadership to keep Poland "servile" and "helpless"?

Her fretful words are but one sample of the damage being done American morale by alarums that have no basis in fact. How the Nazis must relish these outbursts! And there are a dozen other examples, one of which was a statement issued by the so-called Liberal Party of New York, which we discuss elsewhere on this page. The digs and stabs at the coalition are coming from quarters which should know by now that we are the losers when their wrath is directed at friends instead of enemies. As long as this continues the fighting will be harder and victory that much farther away.

A Regent for Greece

IT IS an irony, an irony none of us enjoy, that Mr. Churchill, who pictured the EAM-ELAS as monsters in red flannels, was quite ready to sit down with them at a conference in Athens. The meeting itself, as we write, has ended for the time being with the Prime Minister and Mr. Eden returning to London to persuade King George of Greece that it would be the better part of wisdom for him to accept the establishment of a regency. That is all to the good, for it means — if things work out — that a new government can now be formed which will have the confidence of the decisive patriotic groups. This in turn paves the way for a cessation of hostilities because the ELAS will never give up its arms to General Scobie, whereas it may consent to do so to a cabinet in which it is fully represented. And that finally depends on whether other armed units formed during the outbreak are disbanded and the police purged of reactionary personnel.

The regency idea represents a distinct concession by the British Foreign Office, for there is ample reason to believe that it until now preferred to see the discredited monarch return to Athens regardless of what the Greeks feel about him. Mr. Churchill has this time shown a flexibility in response to world democratic pressure which augurs well for the settlement of other Greek problems. Not everything will be settled overnight and certainly the British government will have to back down even more than it has, but Mr. Churchill's changing attitude will help instead of hinder. A continued vigilance and pressure may even convince him to shift British troops to the Italian front or the Belgian and Luxembourg battlegrounds where they should be. In the last analysis that is the real test of whether the British government has returned to a policy of non-intervention in the affairs of liberated people.

The Pope's Message

THE Pope's Christmas message is, despite certain religious allusions, essentially a political document. It needs to be discussed, therefore, on its political merits rather than as a pronouncement bearing the stamp of religious authority. A large part of the Pope's message is concerned with democracy. This is a refreshing new note in Vatican statements and is testimony to the fact that the curse of fascism has been lifted from Rome and that the democratic nations are winning the war.

It would be pleasant to record that not merely the letter but the spirit of democracy burns brightly in the Pope's Christmas message. Unfortunately this is not the case. Some gleams of light there are: the abandonment of neutrality as between fascism and democracy, the criticism of "concentration of dictatorial power," and the support of a world security organization. But once the Pope begins to define the meaning of democracy and the nature of the peace settlement it becomes evident that while seeking to accommodate himself to the new order of things, he is proposing to subordinate it to the still powerful remnants of the old order. The Pope attempts to distinguish between the people and "the masses," or "a shapeless multitude." He warns against the latter as "the capital enemy of true democracy," and it is clear from the context that what he is warning against are the popular democratic movements—with millions of Catholics in them—which in France, Belgium, Greece, Yugoslavia, Italy and throughout Europe have been the backbone of the fight against fascism and for a democracy whose roots are in the people. The Pope is asking us to accept the Pierlot and Papandreou type of "democracy," which would come to terms with fascist and feudal elements and prepare Europe and the world for new catastrophe.

E. Miller

No less dangerous is the Pope's plea, ambiguously worded, that solicitude be shown for the "rights" of the defeated fascist nations. And he reveals that he has not changed his own basic orientation when, after acknowledging the aid sent to Europe's war victims by the United States, he expresses "equal praise and gratitude" to Franco and Franco's Spain and to fascist Argentina.

The Mask Is Lifted

"We must guard against divisions among ourselves and among all the other United Nations. . . . Hitler will try again to breed mistrust and suspicion between one individual and another, one group and another, one race and another, one government and another. He will try to use the same technique of falsehood and rumor-mongering with which he divided France from Britain." — Franklin D. Roosevelt, message to Congress, Jan. 5, 1942.

THE President did not have the Liberal Party in mind when he made the above statement, since that organization did not come into existence until more than two years later. But history had such groups "in mind" when FDR found it necessary to issue his warning. During the recent election campaign this misnamed Liberal Party won considerable support in New York City because it professed to back the Roosevelt foreign policy and to stand for unity and collaboration among the United Na-

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tions. Independent Republicans like Russell W. Davenport helped swell the Liberal Party vote by overlooking the history of its leaders and accepting their statements at face value. NEW MASSES warned at the time that this outfit was dominated by reactionary Social Democrats who were anti-Soviet, anti-United Nations and basically anti-Roosevelt.

The leaders of the Liberal Party have now lifted the mask sufficiently to deliver themselves of a lengthy blast against our British and Soviet allies and against our country's foreign policy. Whether the timing of this statement—in the midst of Hitler's offensive against our armies in western Europe—is accident or design, it serves the purposes that the President warned against three years ago.

The Liberal Party statement calls on our government to disrupt relations with our two principal allies by opposing a constructive solution of the Polish problem. It attacks British recognition of Tito, thereby implying its own preference for the Nazi puppet, Mikhailovich. It supports the anti-Communist blockade in China, comes to the aid of the Argentine fascists by criticizing "unilateral" action on the part of the United States, and hints at a wish for a more lenient attitude toward Germany. And the grand epic of Europe's liberation from fascist enslavement is described by the Liberal Party leaders as "the brutal processes whereby two spheres of influence are being carved out of the tortured body of Europe." Radio Berlin could do no better.

Substandard Wages

THE War Labor Board is about to revise its measure of substandard wages upward above the present fifty-cents-an-hour rate. The determination of a given level of substandard wages does not of course mean an automatic rise of lower wages up to the agreed-upon level. It means that the WLB will approve voluntary increases up to that figure. It appears that the public members of the board favor raising the level to fifty-five cents, while the labor members propose seventy-two cents an hour as the irreducible minimum. Senator Claude Pepper has sponsored a bill which would recognize sixty-five cents as the dividing line between decent and substandard wages.

The public members of the WLB in the past have acted all too often as timid umpires in disputes between capital and labor without realizing their grave responsibility to the entire nation, which is the "public" they represent. Millions of our people are still ill-fed, ill-housed and ill-clothed. The economic level of this group was reflected in the low prewar national income and high unemployment. Now is the time for displaying faith in our nation's ability to realize the 60,000,000 jobs and capacity production of our economic enterprise outlined by the President and approved by the voters in the elections. The Senate's Murray subcommittee on war contracts has shown the type of boldness, vision and statesmanship required to realize a prosperous postwar America by sponsoring a bill for a national budget of employment and production. The WLB has an opportunity to serve the entire nation by projecting now a decent standard of living for the lowest income groups and thus help broaden our home market for the flood of goods and services that will begin pouring from our factories after the war. This is no question of "favoring" labor as against capital. It is not even merely a question of elementary justice. It is the national problem of maintaining our economy at a high level of uninterrupted operation.

Salaries to Stay

THE right of professional workers to organize has been riveted home in a new National Labor Relations Board decision, against the Eastern Aircraft Division of General Motors Corporation of Linden, N. J. The case arose after the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians—CIO won an NLRB election in the plant. The corporation, attempting to negate the election, promptly changed the technicians over from a salary to an hourly wage basis, thereby depriving them of benefits such as vacations, severance pay, holiday pay, group insurance, etc. The decision of the NLRB held the corporation's act coercive and discriminatory, and thus contrary to the fundamental right of such employes to form a union.

In its front-page story on this decision the New York *Times* notes that "manufacturers in other lines . . . were following the case with interest, since it was related to the more general problem of unionization of supervisory and professional workers." Now the FAECT, which won professional employes their original right to organize in the Chrysler case, has strengthened its position and that of all white-collar unions with another decision which shows the Wagner Act, as applied to these workers, means business.

"The Rainbow," by Freda Weinzweig.

The Cost of Ignorance

ONLY one university in the US accepts the Russian language in satisfaction of the usual language requirements for an BA degree. Aside from classes in history, language and literature, only seventeen courses in any phase of Slavic culture are offered to American university students, and only one of those deals with Soviet economics. Universities of the caliber of Princeton and Johns Hopkins do not even list the word "Russia" in their catalogues. This shocking blank in America's preparations for dealing with a world in which more people speak the Russian language than the German, and in which knowledge of the Soviet Union for the most part is left to rumor and the general press, is now a matter of serious concern for the most conservative spokesmen of American capital. So serious, in fact, that the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* has run a series of articles this past week under the heading "The Study of Russia in the United States," with Sir Bernard Pares reviewing British experience, Ernest C. Ropes of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce emphasizing the interdependence of scholarship and our economic future, and Ernest J. Simmons, who conducted the intensive Russian course at Cornell University, exploring the educational problems that face an America that wants to learn more about her important ally. The appalling statistics above were cited by Joseph Barnes, Foreign Editor of the *Herald Tribune*, in the initial article, which he called "The Cost of Ignorance." America is beginning to discover that some critical

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aspects of its future well-being depend on a thorough and honest knowledge of our great ally.

The initial steps in solving the great problem of establishing reliable studies of the USSR as a part of our general educational tasks have been made in the Cornell University Intensive Russian Course, the new four-year Russian program at Syracuse University, and the Harvard Russian Workshop. But they are the bare beginnings. At the conference on teaching about the Soviet Union in the US held under the auspices of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship last October, it was observed that the three programs at Harvard, Cornell and Syracuse had absorbed virtually all the trained personnel available and that we needed to train not only teachers, but teachers of teachers. The old Red bogey which has haunted so many of our educational institutions needs to be completely laid. Such excellent institutions for technical research and training as the American Russian Institute need to be expanded and multiplied. If proposals for the mutual exchange of scholars between the US and the USSR are realized on a wide scale we can have available a magnificent ready-trained personnel, and at the same time take long steps toward establishing that good will and practical cooperation that is the great hope contained in the basic United Nations agreements. To work for these things can be the tasks of many groups and organizations, and should be, for history is moving fast these days.

Slaveowners' Land

(*Continued from page 16*)

sewing machines, and yellow heads, wide-eyed and fearful. These were Germans who were not able to flee across the Nieman because they had been intecepted by the Red Army. Now they were wandering. No one interfered with them, but they were frightened because they were well aware of their crimes.

I stopped one of the carts and asked in German, *"Deutsche?"*

"Lithauen, Lithauen," they replied in trembling chorus, forgetting Lithuanians would have said *"Letuvis."*

One of our Red Army men who stood watching them turned to me and said, "There is little use in asking them anything, Captain. They are changing their skins. Now they are all denying their nationality. They have had their fill of our blood and are trying to make themselves scarce." He drew me away.

Turning the Nazis Back

THE German counteroffensive, as I write (December 27), has been going on for twelve days. Its first "spasm" ended after the first week and an operational pause of about forty-eight hours set in. At that time the Germans had reached Stavelot on their left, crossed the Ourthe in the center and reached to within roughly twenty-five miles of the Meuse (Marche-Libramont) after having pushed about thirty-five miles in depth from east to west; in the southern sector of the bulge they had encircled our garrison at Bastogne and were pushing through Luxembourg and Belgium to Arlon and Sedan.

Last week I wrote: "The holding of the two bolt positions (on the flanks) is the most important thing right now." Well, these positions held, including the bastion of Bastogne. The Germans regrouped, pumped more men and armor into the bulge and made another attempt at breaking the northern "bolt" position in the direction of Liege-Namur. The "bolt" held from the headwaters of the Roer to the middle Ourthe. Frustrated there, von Rundstedt struck southwestward against the southern "bolt." But the heroes of Bastogne continued to immobilize several of his divisions and General Patton had managed to wheel some of his armor and infantry in line on the Saur River. He struck out to relieve Bastogne and crashed through to reinforce that important "breakwater."

Frustrated north and south, von Runstedt struck again in the center and plunged to Ciney and Celles, the latter only five miles from Dinant on the Meuse. Thus he lengthened and deepened his bulge without exploiting the breakthrough on the flanks. Not that he did not know that this was the most important thing to do in the case of a single breakthrough, but he simply did not have the strength to do it.

At this writing our troops, regrouped by Eisenhower, are not only continuing to hold the "bolt" positions in the north and south, but are attacking from them, narrowing the base of the German bulge along the Bastogne-Manhay highway. In the center elements of the First American Army have nipped off the German tip between Celles and Rochefort and are destroying elements of one German panzer division. The second German offensive "spasm" has failed to break the "bolt" positions and has failed to reach the Meuse.

A lot is being written and said about the negative strategic achievements of the German counteroffensive. It is claimed that it has disrupted our own offensive, delaying it "by months." Some even say that we will have to fight all through 1945 because of what the Germans did to us. I do not see things in this light. Firstly, the major factor in the duration of the war still is the Eastern Front. Even Hanson W. Baldwin of the New York *Times* sees that now. Secondly, there is no reason to say that we are not able to resume the offensive the moment the German thrust has been completely stopped. Such a switch from defense to offense has been made repeatedly by the Red Army. Thirdly, the very fact that the Germans have so far been unable to roll up our flanks, and are still hitting due west like bulls against a corral fence, shows that our opportunity for a battle of encirclement and annihilation against them is growing hourly. If we are victorious in such a battle, the annihilation of the enemy in the bulge will not only offset the damage from the German counteroffensive, but will shorten the war.

And finally, it was a matter of common knowledge that our offensive was planned to take place in the Aachen bulge, in the general direction of Cologne. Our stores and accumulations of materiel in this sector have not been disturbed by the German blow and the offensive can be resumed, with reserve formations if necessary, after (or even while) the battle in Belgium runs through its final phase. Above all, I refuse to accept the theory that we can be stopped by a score of German divisions. And by "we" I mean all the armies in western Europe. The idea is just ridiculous.

COLONEL T.

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REVIEW and COMMENT

THE MAN WHO WAS RALPH FOX

By SAMUEL SILLEN

SOMETIMES it seems to have happened an age back and in another world. Sometimes it seems that only yesterday, only this morning, the cable arrived telling us that Ralph Fox was dead, killed by a fascist bullet near Lopera in Andalusia.

Fox was dead! January 3, 1937. In England and in China, in the Soviet Union and the United States, wherever men had read his books, we grieved that this brave and good fighter for freedom was dead.

He was acting as Assistant Political Commissioner with the International Brigade. The fascists advanced from Cordova. Our men—how very much ours they were!—took cover behind olive-trees. Junker planes bombed low, strafed with explosive bullets.

Ralph Fox ran across open ground to help set up machine-gun positions to cover the fascist flank. A long chance, but necessary. "It was a supremely brave thing to do," wrote Hugh Slater, describing the mission for International Press Correspondence; "the bombing and machine-gun fire were at their most intense, and it was almost certain death for anybody to leave cover. Fox knew this, but he considered it necessary to take the risk."

Later this open ground became a no-man's land, center of crossfire. At night a soldier crawled out to collect the papers from the pockets of the fallen men. He found Fox's notebook. The fighting was so fierce that the brigade had to move to another sector before the bodies could be gathered and identified.

That is how Ralph Fox died.

And that is very much the way in which his English comrades, writing men like himself, died—the young and brilliant poets, novelists, critics, the John Cornfords and the Christopher Caudwells.

"Tragic waste," some people said then, and may still say. But for Fox it was not a life wasted. Only a few weeks before his death he had written from Albacete: "Victory means the end of fascism everywhere sooner or later, and most likely sooner." How terribly right he was, and how tragically stupid were the embargoes and nonintervention pacts that throttled victory!

We did not win, but Fox and his comrades knew that the fight against the fascists in Spain, win or lose, was only part of a struggle which would not cease until the people's triumph was beyond the range of reversal. "In any case," he wrote, "the very fact of the resistance has wakened up the democratic forces, encouraged them and weakened the enemy to an extent we don't quite yet realize. So however hard one's work may be, and exasperating, we do feel it counts, is history, and must be effective."

It did count; it was history. Fox, like the American Dave Dorans and Joe Dalletts, lost his life in the early round of a fight that reached to Stalingrad and Bataan and will cease only when "the democratic forces" are in Berlin and Tokyo—and Madrid.

"Our little army is of every nation," Fox wrote in another letter from Albacete that last December of his life. "We have created the first International Army to fight for peace and freedom."

In that army of every nation, Fox had the job of educating political workers. Five hours sleep, and meals if and when, serving as a general nurse, mother, teacher and commander to the British boys as they came through, a life "all very topsyturvy—and looked forward to immensely."

WHENCE had he come? Why? To understand this is to appreciate the heroic challenge of our times and the magnificent men who have answered it with their lives.

He was born in Halifax, Yorkshire, in 1900. His family was of the middle class. He finished his education at Oxford. And then, rejecting the conventional, well-blinkered career that might have been his as a sensitive young intellectual, scorning the prevailing cynicism of the postwar writers, he decided to become a conscious part of history.

Fox joined the English Communist Party. He joined, as Harry Pollitt, Secretary of that Party, tells us, "from a deep sense of intellectual conviction, and from the moment he took out his Party card, his life was dedicated to the cause of Communism." And Pollitt adds: "Whether as author, journalist, or instructor of our factory groups in various parts of London, Fox undoubtedly influenced the thought of thousands of working men and women, and also of a big section of the professional classes of this country." Ralph Fox anticipated and encouraged that alliance between the worker and the intellectual which was to become a striking feature of the fight against fascism.

IN 1920 Fox went to the Soviet Union, visiting the areas hardest hit by famine. And there, under the most adverse circumstances, he saw the future and he saw it work, as did Lincoln Steffens around the same time. His feeling about the Soviet Union—it was to sustain him until the day of his death in Spain—is best expressed in his biography of Lenin (1933). He noted Lenin's direct simplicity of outlook, his intense love of life.

"The world today," he wrote, "is full of dictators and would-be dictators. A moment's glance at any one of them is sufficient to convince one that Lenin was not such a 'dictator.' He was a man made in the mould of Lincoln and Cromwell, very simple, very rugged, very great, fully conscious of his own importance in the history of the world, but who never gazed at himself in the mirror of history, never in his life made a false gesture, played at heroics, or spoke hysterically.

"He had knowledge, intellectual power, vision; the power of swift decision and decisive action; courage beyond the normal; but yet the most striking thing in his whole character is that he was a man like other men. No one could have more detested the idea of a superman than did Lenin, or more heartily despised the false culture and cheap philosophy that lay behind it.

"If in the world's history there have been few men his equal, it is only be-

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cause the great tragedy of that history has been that the talents of man have been wasted, mocked, suppressed, and vilely extinguished by the ferocity of human society."

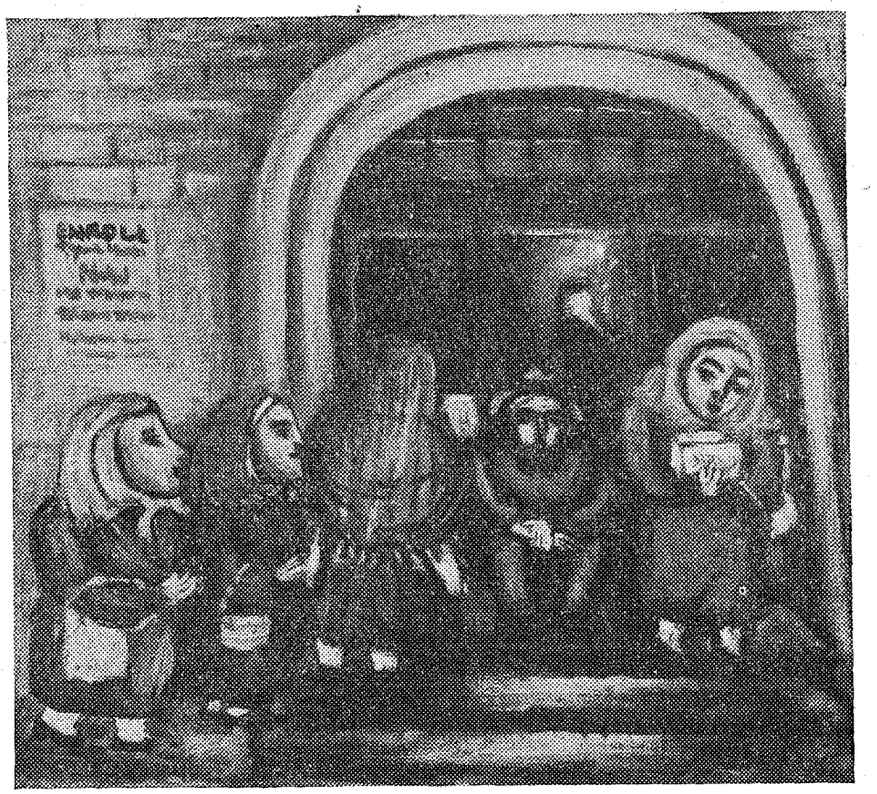
It was because Lenin and the Soviet state he founded had fought the ferocity of human society that Ralph Fox became an ardent Communist. And it was because fascism sought to erect ferocity into the sole principle of human society that he gave his life in the fight against fascism.

Fox's life and mind were exceptionally rich and versatile. For he was not only the biographer of Lenin. He was a novelist as well. He was an acutely sensitive and informed literary critic. And he was a profound student and analyst of political affairs. He was, to use a favorite phrase of his, "a man alive"; he did not wall up his mind with categories.

Consider the novelist, to begin with. Even in a non-fiction work like his *Genghis Khan* (1936), we meet the master of narrative art, bringing the world to us in vivid images. He is describing the impression made on an islander of the North Sea by the steppes and plains of Central Asia, the contradictory emotions evoked by the vast distances:

"At first you feel overwhelmed by the feeling of land, that here you are in the driest, most continental and essentially land parts of the world. The sea becomes a distant dream; so many thousands of miles away in this or that direction—you are equidistant from all the great oceans, as near to the Atlantic as to the Pacific. And then, when, choked with dust and blinded by the monotonous glare of yellow earth, brilliant sky and bright sun, you have at last forgotten the very existence of sea, you are suddenly seized by the feeling that you are riding by the shores of a great ocean. That long purple-brown cliff which stretches to your left must surely have the waves beating at its foot."

This vivid, evocative quality, combined with an imaginative grasp of characters and events, gives distinction to his novel *Storming Heaven* (1926). The title is from the phrase used by Marx in describing the heroism of the fighters of the Commune who "stormed heaven." The novel deals mainly with Siberia. It opens with the evacuation of Vladivostok by the Japanese shortly before its incorporation into the USSR. It is an exciting, colorful book, even though it does not have the technical finish of a later narrative like *Conversation with a Lama* or the superb imaginative quality of *They Hanged Frank Whittam*.



"The Day Before Passover" (receiving free matzohs), oil by Geri Pine. From her exhibition "Out of My Daily Life," at the Bonestell Gallery through January 13.

The British critic and editor John Lehmann recalls that one of the things that impressed him most in his early meetings with Ralph Fox was his intense interest in literature as literature. "This," writes Lehmann, "was a surprise to me then, chiefly I think because I was not yet free of the delusion, common among my contemporaries, that Marxists had a cut-and-dried method of dealing with literature, and were really only interested in it insofar as it proved something political." Fox corrected this delusion as he talked about the English novel from Fielding to D. H. Lawrence, discussing with zest and insight the beauties of style or the brilliance of character-creation.

But of course Fox was at the opposite end of the world from the art-for-art's sake obscurantists. As one who was deeply saturated with the humanist outlook of Marxism, he was concerned with literature as a reflection of men's experience and as a molder of men's minds. And in his brilliant work of criticism, *The Novel and The People*, Ralph Fox has given us his mature reflections on the art of fiction, just as that other Communist who died in Spain, Christopher Caudwell, left us a monumental work on the art of poetry in his *Illusion and Reality*.

The Novel and The People (1937) deals with the crisis of ideas that threatened to destroy the once secure position of the English novel, and it investigates the changes that must take place in fiction if it is to retain its vitality. For Fox, the novel was not merely fictional prose, but "the prose of man's life, the first art to attempt to take the whole man and give him expression." And he is concerned with preserving its stature and dignity "in a time in which nothing less than the fate of humanity is being decided."

With extraordinary economy and clarity, Fox explains the basic ideas of Marxism as they apply to the novelist's search for truth and reality. Over and over again he insists that "Man and his development is the center of the Marxist philosophy. How does man change? What are his relations with the external world?" These questions, which Marx and Engels answered scientifically, are the basic questions the novelist must answer in fictional terms. And Fox, applying Marxist method to literary

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criticism, formulates vastly stimulating insights on every page: "The essence of the creative process is the struggle between the creator and external reality, the urgent demand to master and recreate that reality." . . . "The revolutionary task of literature today is to restore its great tradition, to break the bonds of subjectivism and narrow specialization, to bring the creative writer face to face with his only important task, that of winning the knowledge of truth, of reality." . . . "Clearly, the writer of today has to distinguish very sharply between what is truly national and what is merely nationalistic or anti-national."

With great learning, lightly worn, Fox reviews the great achievements of the novel from Cervantes to Fielding, from Balzac to Sholokhov. His tastes are catholic but discriminating. And as he surveys world fiction he looks for those valid and enduring principles that the novelist today, in a new world framework, must rediscover, master, and extend. In his concluding chapter on "The Cultural Heritage" he calls for an affirmative boldness based on a sound understanding of history and a liberating identification with the people.

WHAT is especially noteworthy is his insistence that the novelist, to be genuinely creative, must move forward with and into a new world opposed to the ferocity of the old. Commenting shrewdly on "The Death of the Hero" in modern fiction, he rallies novelists to the side of those who in resisting fascism and political reaction in every form become the conscious defenders of human culture. The fight against fascism "creates heroes, new types of men and women," possessed of a moral grandeur and courage that places them beside the noblest in human history. And he cites Dimitrov's behavior at the Leipzig trial as a supreme symbol of "man's spirit victorious against man's enemies."

Written as it was in the period that culminated in Munich, *The Novel and The People* today needs to be qualified in certain respects. It quite rightly assumes that in a period of capitalist decay, only a creative identification with socialism will enable the writer to solve his problems. The events of the past few years have significantly changed the world picture. Munich has given way to its opposite, Teheran. Britain and America have joined with the Soviet Union in fighting a coalition war against fascism and in framing a lasting structure of peace and economic cooperation. We are moving into a period not of capitalist decay but of stability and strength based on peaceful coexistence with the socialist sixth of the world.

And this new situation creates the possibility and the need for a flourishing democratic literature in Britain and America within the framework of capitalism.

Fox was right, of course, in contrasting the confident virility of earlier bourgeois fiction with the nerveless subjectivism of the epoch of imperialism. The novel as epic had for years been disintegrating into the novel as a fragmentary and confused personal mirror. But with the new relationship of world forces, the creative health of bourgeois society can and must be again restored. While literature may inevitably decline in a declining society, it certainly does not have to in an expanding society.

This is not, of course, to invalidate Fox's main thesis that the novelist, to flourish, must link himself with the most creative forces in his world, must deeply understand the reality of his epoch. The alternative today, as in 1937, is personal deterioration and literary obscurantism. What Fox calls for, above all, is a fighting affirmative faith grounded in knowledge. His exposition is powerfully appropriate today, enormously brilliant, stimulating, mature.

Its maturity is based on Fox's sure grasp of Marxism. A student of the Marx-Engels Institute in Moscow, he had mastered dialectical materialism and applied this method of analysis in the political writings which form the bulk of his work. I would refer particularly to such writings as *The Class Struggle in Britain, Colonial Policy of British Imperialism, Marx and Engels on the Irish Question.* Such works make us appreciate the comment of T. A. Jackson that "grieve though we must over what we lost in losing all that Ralph Fox might yet have become, our grief must be tempered by the realization that we are very greatly the richer in possessing what he actually achieved."

The antifascist writers of today remember him proudly and affectionately as a heroic forerunner, truly, in his phrase, "a man alive."

Allies

PEOPLE ON OUR SIDE, *by Edgar Snow. Random House. $3.50.*

EDGAR SNOW is best known to American readers as the author of *Red Star Over China,* a warm and penetrating study of the Chinese Communists,

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and *Battle for Asia*, a more ambitious study of the role of Asia in World War II. Long an active journalist, he has never indulged in the superficial generalizations or personal posturings that characterize some of his American colleagues. He has manifested, in his own words, "faith in the people's strength" —whether it be the people of China struggling desperately for survival and for national unity against the Japanese invaders, the people of colonial India beset by poverty and famine and ruled by an alien power, or the peoples of the socialist Soviet Union fighting an all-out war against Nazism.

This, in essence, is the central theme of his latest report from the war. He has seen at close hand the peoples of China, India, and the USSR enmeshed in the present world conflict; and he presents a picture which, though uneven and marked by lights and shadows, is fundamentally heartening.

Snow's volume is divided into three sections: India, China and the USSR. The last-named section, covering over two-thirds of the book, forms its central core. In fact, the passages on India and China do not add too much to our previous knowledge. Snow's discussion of India is interesting for the light it throws on the role of Jawarhalal Nehru during the Cripps Mission to India in the spring of 1942, and for some insight into the attitude of British officialdom, notably that of the then Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow. But other recent volumes on India—those, for example, of R. Palme Dutt and H. N. Brailsford in England, and of Kate L. Mitchell and Kumar Goshal in the United States —give a much more detailed and rounded picture of the problem of India. On China, Snow brings up to date ideas he has expounded in previous volumes. He contrasts the "Pan-Sinism" and rigid one-party rule by the Kuomintang advocated in Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's book *China's Destiny* with the working democracy that functions in "partisan China" in the North and Northwest, where the Communists are the driving force. The acute military and political crisis through which China is now passing highlights Snow's views on the subject.

Snow came to the Soviet Union in October 1942, at a time when the German armies had penetrated as far as the Caucasus and the decisive battle for Stalingrad had already begun. His studies of various aspects of Soviet life are rewarding: he interviews Soviet generals and talks with their soldiers;

Lenin

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he is present when some of the "Fritzes" captured at Stalingrad are questioned. He drinks with General Malinovsky. He visits a collective farm near Tula and sees how the peasants have contributed to the total war effort; he praises the Soviet workmen who stayed on the job when their factories were on the firing-line or who went with their machines far into the interior to maintain production. In all his experiences, Snow constantly emphasizes that the Soviet Union is as much an Asiatic as a European power and that the sturdy men and women of the USSR "are the products of only twenty-five years of socialism." And in a final plea for the closest American-Soviet collaboration he asserts: "The alternative is the pursuit of a policy of imposing our will by force; it is the policy of preparing for the Third World War, the war of the continents."

Of all the American journalists who have covered the Soviet Union, China, and India, Snow is certainly not the least qualified. Some of his judgments in this book may seem too highly personalized, too subjective, or too speculative—but on the whole, he brings to his calling integrity, respect for the facts, accurate powers of observation, a sense of history, and a powerful urge to know and understand the peoples of the countries he has visited. Perhaps that is why, unlike some "thirty days' wonders" or insidious enemies of the "people on our side," he contributes to an understanding of the world we live in.

J. B. DAVIDSON.

Spy Stuff Plus

THE FIVE ARROWS, *by Allan Chase. Random House. $2.50.*

UNLIKE most glamorous spy-story newspapermen who find themselves secret-agenting on the side because some beautiful member of some underground bumps into them on a dark night, Matthew Hall, anti-fascist hero of *The Five Arrows*, is not very glamorous-looking because some of Franco's stooges gave his face a going-over in a San Sebastian jail. Moreover, he actually goes out looking for trouble to get himself into if he believes it will thwart the Axis; and when Gestapo agents start waving revolvers at his girl, it is on Matt's account, not the gal's own. This is, in short, a spy story with a difference, and the difference is Allan Chase's belief that democracy is indivisible and that its foes are the same everywhere.

The story is laid in "San Hermano," a South American country somewhere on the Atlantic coast. Don Anibal, the president, is fatally ill and the man who stands to succeed him is a fascist with proved connections with the Spanish Falange (of which the five arrows are the symbol) and the local Cross and Sword movement. Matt Hall, an American newspaperman and old friend and admirer of Don Anibal, heads down that way in 1942 when he hears of the situation.

From there on in, anything can happen and usually does. Trade union guys, members of the army, and friends at the Mexican Embassy pitch in and try to help Hall stop the Falange. Government officials, newspaper publishers, and Falange agents do their best to get him out of the way. He escapes several murder attempts; a Nazi agent is killed at his feet. And there's a secret trip to Havana, involving enough disguises and false names, parachute jumps, and burglary to keep any spy-story addict happy for a good long time.

But let me warn the addicts again that this is a different kind of a spy story. They will not be able to relax as A chases B, who is chasing X. The author always makes it clear who A and B and X really are and why they are chasing each other. The most moving and memorable of the *why* passages comes when Don Anibal, in a wheelchair, addresses the opening of congress on his conception of freedom and the anti-fascist war. This is followed by a description of the people's demonstration so ably done that it can only recall the excitement and faith of the account of the Popular Front victory in *The Fall of Paris*.

If there is any arresting fault to be found in the book, it lies in the tendency of some writing newspapermen (of whom Mr. Chase is unfortunately one) to step firmly into the shoes of John O'Hara when they get on the subject of girls and the relations of the sexes. Granting that Mr. O'Hara did some able pioneer work in the field, and also granting that the nice, politically-bird-brained Jerry Olmstead is a likable and credible heroine, isn't it about time a newspaperman picked himself another kind of girl, please?

But that's a minor point in a book that can both inform you about your friends and enemies to the South (entirely too much like those at home, by the way), and keep you on the edge of your chair for several hours.

SALLY ALFORD.

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IN THE WORLD OF ART

By MOSES SOYER

A FESTIVE atmosphere pervades the ACA Gallery. Its walls are alive with bright colors, and among the people who come and go one notices many whom one does not associate with regular gallery visitors—sailors and soldiers, working men and women, mothers with children. Reason: old one-eyed Burliuk is holding his annual court.

The exhibition is up to Burliuk's usual standard. By this I mean that it's full of beautiful pictures of red-cheeked stocky peasant girls in carnival dresses, realistic renderings of city streets, fanciful tea-parties, surrealistic portraits of friends and fellow artists (among them a noble study of Nicolai Cikovsky and a lovely, tender watercolor of your correspondent's wife), lush, fresh flower pieces, intimate studies of nature in its many moods, and so on. The *piece de resistance* of the exhibition is, however, the "Children of Stalingrad" (reproduced in NEW MASSES, December 19). Like the "Unconquerable Russia" which Burliuk exhibited last year, this is a huge sombre tapestry of a painting in which he has woven together in rich, resonant, fiery colors and many styles the horrors of the dread and heroic eighteen months of the Stalingrad siege. We see "scenes of scorched earth, moments of terror and suffering, desperation and courage . . . fire, destruction, pillage and flight." In the center is the heroic figure of Mother Russia who "gathers up from the ruins her bruised children." (No one, I am certain, will fail to recognize Mary Burliuk in the figure of Mother Russia. A touching tribute to his lifelong companion and the mother of his two sons, who are now overseas with the American armed forces.) There is a group of gay children sitting at a table, playing games and drawing pictures, children already rehabilitated and secure. Against a flaming sky pierced by Nazi planes one can see guerrillas armed with pitchforks, peasants with their cattle moving into the forest, a rough Red Armyman holding tenderly in his arms a child that he rescued from the Nazis. It is Burliuk at his most resourceful and inventive, most respectful of traditions yet most disdainful of artistic rules; in other words, at his best. He is a profound and humble, and as he says himself, "diligent," student of art. As in the case of Renoir, his work grows younger as he grows older. It is a message full of hope for the future. It reflects a lifetime rich in human experience and full living. Burliuk is, truly, a people's artist.

ARTISTS of the past, before they dared to show their work or accept commissions, had to go through a long period of apprenticeship and study. No such idea of artistic education exists now. The standards by which art is judged have changed. One does not expect from an artist today the great technical accomplishment of the past, but rather originality and that he be different from the next fellow. It is possible to achieve good art without traditional art education; for example, Van Gogh, who did practically all his work in ten years, Gaugin, who started painting in middle life, and Rousseau,

"Autobiography," by Frank Kleinholz.

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an amateur who painted only on Sundays.

Frank Kleinholz, whose exhibition at the Associated American Artists has just terminated, is a case in point. A lawyer by profession, he has, like many other businessmen, been painting weekends and in his spare time as a hobby. It is only five years ago that he decided to take up art seriously and this is already his second large one-man exhibition. His success was quick, because the critics who delight in labels acclaimed him immediately as an American Gaugin. This worked both to his advantage and disadvantage, for in acquiring this quick success he has been forced to show results faster than in more ordinary circumstances.

This exhibition proves that for once the critics have not been barking up the wrong tree for Kleinholz is without question a talented artist of serious intentions. The greatest asset in his work is his fine, rich, opulent color and his sense of humor, which at times is ribald, but more often kind and sympathetic. His subject matter concerns itself with the poor people who live in the tenement districts of lower New York. He paints with human understanding homely incidents of their drab lives. One of the most successful of his larger pictures is "Housing Project." It depicts a large tenement house overflowing with turbulent life, whose very sides seem to heave and spew forth the human and animal life ordinarily confined within its partitioned walls. In his other large paintings he shows his faults most clearly, particularly in his drawing, which he had not time to learn because experience in drawing can only be acquired by long and assiduous practice. Kleinholz tries to cover this lack by striking technique, dramatic color and over-emphasis of form. He is most successful in his small paintings such as "Leah," and the nostalgic "Summer Must End," which depicts a man and a woman embracing against an orange autumnal tree; the black-eyed "Anna" and "Correct Weight," an earlier painting in which Kleinholz has caught successfully a moment of drama and suspense.

This exhibition demonstrates clearly that in spite of the silly hullabaloo Kleinholz is an artist of talent and resourcefulness who gives definite promise of steady growth, devoid of sensationalism.

Sidney Janis, in conjunction with his book, *Abstract and Surrealistic Art in America*, has arranged an exhibition at the Mortimer Brandt Gallery under the same name. I will not discuss the abstract part of the show. Abstract art in this country is, to my mind, already a thing of the past. It has done its work of liberalization and the artists who practice it today, no matter how good they are, are somewhat behind the times. It is altogether a different matter with surrealist art. It is very much in vogue now, and very much alive, but don't let anyone tell you that surrealism is something new. It has existed before in the work of Breughel, Bosch and, in later times, in some of the work of Blake and Redon. The surrealism of the past, however, was on a much higher scale than the surrealism of today. It was a social surrealism and dealt with superstitions, mysticism, life, death and general living conditions. The surrealists that Mr. Janis exhibits paint only in terms of Freud.

Surrealism plus symbolism lends itself well to the telling of a story with a moral; it has infinitely more possibilities than a painting of the conventional type that deals only with an incident. There are a few artists in America today who attempt to use surrealism as it was used by the great artists of the past. The artists I have in mind are Gwathmey, Burliuk, at times Evergood, Peter Blume, Tchacbasov and others. None of these artists appear in Janis' show. The artists who appear seem to say through their pictures, "We live in an Ivory Tower. We do not paint for the common people. We speak a difficult language and we paint only for ourselves and the chosen few." It is a depressing and decadent show.

It is unfortunate that my last article went to press a day before the opening of the De Hirsch Margulies' exhibition. The exhibition consisted of two parts: one of water-colors, for which he has been known, and one of oil paintings, which is a departure for him. In spite of the involved introduction to his catalogue in which he speaks about time and space symbols and tensions in time, he is an able artist. His water-colors, to my mind, are still the better part of his work. They are straight-forward, dynamic and direct statements. His oil paintings are so thickly loaded with paint that at times one forgets what his dominant idea was and it takes on the appearance of applied art. His color is always well related. It is evident from this exhibition that Mr. Margulies is experimenting and is working toward a definite goal, and that his paintings will

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become more understandable as his searchings crystallize in his mind.

Ballet International

By now it is common knowledge that enough funds for at least two B-29's were invested to launch a new ballet company which, under the inverted title of Ballet International, gave the New York public two months of old favorites, new works and a couple of world premieres at its own theater on Columbus Circle. It is equally common knowledge that these funds were made available to ballet because George de Cuevas, married to a Rockefeller, "had a dream [quoting the organization's statement of principles]: "to form a foundation to foster ballet; a foundation which would make still more perfect that illustrious marriage of the arts; a fostering of dancers, composers, choreographers and artists."

The dream had certain nightmarish overtones for this reviewer, although it is not our intention to condemn the proceedings wholesale. Whether they come from Rockefeller or other equally affluent sources, half-million dollar clips for the furtherance of culture, for the subsidy of art and therefore of artists, are all to the good. There should be more such gestures.

But generosity and dreams are not enough. Other elements are needed for the launching of praiseworthy cultural ventures. For instance, a professional *corps de ballet* in which *all* members, not only a few, warrant professional rating. Or what about artistic taste? integrity? authority? Well, you can't buy all that in packages. And George de Cuevas, admitted artistic director of Ballet International, must assume full share of responsibility for the patent weaknesses of the project.

De Cuevas is no Diagheliev, although he, too, gives with a lavish hand to composers, artists, choreographers, designers, and dancers, and hopes that under his guidance they will make a contribution to the world of art. But de Cuevas seems incapable of rendering sound artistic judgments, which certainly is part of his function. No firm hand was laid on the artistic extravagances in which the repertoire abounded. There was apparently no one around who knew how to build artistic unity and cohesiveness in the company; who could solve its creative problems with something approaching taste and authority; who would aim above all for dignity, if not distinction, in its presentations.

Let's get down to cases. "Sentimental Colloquy" took sensitive music by Paul Bowles, an exquisite Verlaine poem, and then gave it to Dali to drown out with naked bearded old men riding on bicycles all over the set. It permitted a good ballet work, "Constantia," choreographed by Bill Dollar, to be costumed in lavender and mauve chiffon in the boudoir lampshade tradition. It condoned a real atrocity, "Pictures at an Exhibition." Mme. Nijinska, its choreographer, was staging Moussorgsky, so she said, as it would be done in one of the Russian theaters today. Now, not a single correspondent—Ambassador Davies, Willkie, Eve Curie, Quentin Reynolds, others—failed to report on the glory of Soviet ballet, its gorgeous and lavish spectacle maintained in the midst of and despite the war, and the passionate love the Russians have for these very spectacles. But Nijinska decided that "a luxurious production, complete with rich scenery and costumes, *would not only be impossible to obtain, but would also be strange and unacceptable to the Russian audience.*" This is not only ignorance, it is plain effrontery. And the ballet itself was of a piece; drab blouses and boots and kerchiefs and unpainted benches and ladders for props; the dancing a hodge-podge of folk and character, of stupid realism and ridiculous games. It was quite an unbearable business. Both Nijinska and Boris Aronson, set designer, ought to be thoroughly ashamed of themselves.

On the credit side of the ledger, "Sebastian," choreography by Edward Caton, music and plot by Gian-Carlo Menotti, Oliver Smith and Milena doing sets and costumes, is a good piece of ballet theater. "Constantia" has several excellent sections in it, notably a fine second movement. "Mute Wife," based on the Anatole France story, is charming, and introduces a new witty choreographer, Antonia Cobos, who dances the title role also. And then "The Mad Tristan," with choreography by Massine, but salvos to Salvador who emerged with a shockingly exciting set and costumes and a mad, mad libretto, "the first paranoiac ballet based on the eternal myth of love in death" to quote the master himself. Its sheer insanity of symbol and juxtaposition of image set to Wagner's turbulent music made the whole business a fascinating, if somewhat gruesome, show.

The dancers, too, some of them, were good. Marie-Jeanne is one of the few young ballet performers who has strength as well as beauty in her style.

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Viola Essen leans gracefully towards the lyric. Francisco Moncion, as the Moor Sebastian in the Caton ballet, was over-violent in his histrionics, but scored a triumph in the title role of the Mad Tristan. Ditto for Lisa Maslova, who appeared as the Chimera of Isolde.

Ballet International should sit itself down in a quiet room after its nation-wide current tour and have a good heart-to-heart talk with itself. And then resolve to gather around it that artistic personnel and leadership capable of advising and inspiring it, instead of letting it run riot. FRANCIS STEUBEN.

On Second Avenue

AFTER the last curtain of the American premiere of the Soviet-Jewish play, *We Will Live*, Jacob Ben-Ami stepped from the midst of his excellent company to pronounce the credo of the New Jewish Folk Theater and to point to its works. Of the group, he said, "We believe that the theater today must provide more than artistry and entertainment. In this time of great questions, it is its social duty to help clarify and formulate great answers." Of the play, he said, "It teaches us that unity among the people can beat the enemy and destroy him; and it warns us not to forget the dreadful log of Nazi bestialities in the day when he will plead his innocence." Thus theory joins practice even as it did in the theater's previous production, H. Leivick's *Miracle Of The Warsaw Ghetto*. The New Jewish Folk Theater is helping to provide clarity, guidance, and inspiring militancy to the people of its community. No Broadday producing organization, for all its superior financial and technical resources, has been so consistently true to time and the theater.

David Bergelson's new play is simple and direct melodrama. To a small, prosperous Ukrainian farm collective, largely Jewish in composition, a German-Jewish refugee agronomist has fled with all the work of a lifetime of research and experimentation. The Nazi tide roars over the village, but the Nazi commander seizes only its empty, burned-out husk. With an assurance which soon turns to murderous rage, he tries to wrest the agronomist's secret from him and from the community elders. Vainly he tortures, hangs and shoots the people in the hope of forcing them to surrender their hidden stores, to work the abandoned fields, to betray their partisan hideout. But in the end the invincible unity and will to live of this

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Soviet collective triumphs and it is the Nazis who perish.

This is the stirring story of the fighting play currently being performed in the Soviet Union, in Palestine, and on Second Avenue. If it misses greatness, it is because Bergelson, in his novels, a preeminent delineator of personality, chose this once to characterize a community rather than any of its members. In consequence we do not get to know any one individual more than another, our emotional identification is diffused, and our interest, held to the plane of melodramatic action, occasionally flags. For all this, the situation is so meaningful and the people so genuine that we are often moved by their relationships. There are also many superbly clear and eloquent moments which well out of the action and restate its experience in larger terms. Thus, while the villagers are discovering their spiritual strength and affirming their unyielding unity against the common hangman and enslaver, we in the audience are aroused to rededicate ourselves to sterner pursuance of our unity with them, with all Jews, with all the peoples seeking to establish a world in which we can live at peace.

It is not possible to mention more than a few of the play's many excellent performances: we have come to expect them from this Folk Theater group. Ben-Ami, as the superintendent of the laboratory who dies rather than divulge the agronomic formula, plays with the wholeness of immense conviction. Isidore Casher gives a solid account of the Ukrainian director. Abraham Teitlebaum plays the confused, panic-stricken refugee professor who learns that suicide is not the Soviet way. There are good performances by Berta Gersten as a heroic peasant, by Muriel Gruber as the beautiful daughter of the superintendent, by Michael Gibson and by Dora Weissman. Since the Nazis are on stage a great part of the time, the play owes much to Menachim Rubin for his skillfully worked-out characterization of the Nazi commander.

The play was competently staged by Jacob Rothbaum and he has moved it swiftly along through H. A. Condell's expressive settings.

With *We Will Live* the New Jewish Folk Theater clinches our respect as one of the most responsible creators of culture in Jewish life today. We look forward to its developing program and we hope that the Jewish community will give it the support which it so well deserves.

HARRY TAYLOR.

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NEW MASSES DINNER COMMITTEE
104 East 9th Street
New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find $..... for..... reservations at $5 per plate.

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